

AUNT CALLIE'S



SUNSET STORIES

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AUNT CALLIE'S
SUNSET STORIES.



BY "AUNT CALLIE," "UNCLE FRED," "OLIVE THORNE,"
AND OTHERS.



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BORROWED TROUBLE.

ANNIE sat alone in a great cushioned chair, with her feet curled up like the Grand Mufti. Very sad she looked, and tears were chasing each other down her little rosy cheeks. She paid no heed to the bustle about the house, and the running up and down stairs; but every few minutes one might hear a great sob from this foolish little Annie, who had so many things to make her happy and comfortable.

Don't you wonder what was the trouble? Maybe you would want spectacles to see it; for it was not very large. You see, Annie lived with her uncle and aunt; for she had no father and mother. They loved her very much, and were very kind to her,—as kind as they could be. Annie had every thing her little heart

could wish, because her uncle was rich, and liked to give her pretty things. Only little hearts do sometimes wish for things they ought not to have.

When dear aunt Mary took Annie on her knee every evening and petted her, and told her pretty stories, Annie felt that her cup of happiness was full.

But now something was coming to her, such as sometimes came to people in her story-books. Another little niece was coming to stay there always, and have a share in aunty's love. Annie thought it a sad and dreadful thing that she couldn't be number one any more, and that the little cousin would always be first. "Nurse" told her it would surely be so: the last always had the best. And every one of the school-girls pitied her. Allie Morrell said she had seen cases just like that, where the one who came first wasn't loved any more at all. Kate Snow said Annie might be sure of one thing,—that all the girls would love her best, anyway.

Poor little Annie sobbed and sobbed as she thought of it. She did love aunty so! and aunty had been so busy getting ready for the little cousin, she hadn't petted her for two evenings past.

In the midst of her sobs and tears she heard the street-door close, and a great bustle in the lower hall. "She's come, I suppose," said Annie, sitting up, and drying her eyes; but they were very much swollen, and her face was stained with tears. She jumped

down, and looked at herself in the long mirror. What a foolish, red little face it was that she saw! and what a rumped apron!

"I wish I hadn't 'a' cried," said Annie: "she'll laugh at me now, I s'pose."

"Annie, Annie!" called aunty's voice, and Annie wouldn't answer. She sat still for a long time, and felt very miserable. Nobody cared whether she was there or not: everybody could have a good time but just herself.

After some time, she heard her name called again. Then the door opened, and aunty came in, leading by the hand a pale, sweet-faced little girl dressed in black. Aunty smiled very tenderly at Annie, and said, "My dear, I have brought you a little sister, and I want you to make her feel at home. I shall not love either of my little girls any less because I have two."

Annie held out a stiff little hand, and put up her cheek to be kissed.

"I will leave you and Bertha alone a little while to make friends," said aunty, "until dinner-time."

Well, what do you think happened as soon as aunty had shut the door? Why, this little pale cousin put her two arms right around Annie's neck, and kissed her twice on her mouth.

"I don't like *cheek*-kisses much, do you?" she said. "Do let's be sisters, really and truly; for I never had a sister, and I want one so much!"

Annie's heart was melted at once. She forgot all that the little girls had said, and all her own foolish fancies. The two new sisters sat down side by side, with their arms around each other, and began to tell each other about their dollies at once. When the dinner-bell rang, and aunty came in, they were looking over the same picture-book, as happy as two little girls could be.

Annie found that aunty had a heart quite large enough to take in two little girls, and have a good many corners to spare.

BLANCHE AND CARLO.

EVERY day Carlo was a regular visitor in the nursery. Sometimes he would sit beside the cradle, with a grave look on his face, as if he realized that it would never answer to play any of his puppy pranks in that room; and when the baby lay on nurse's lap, if he could lick one fat hand or tiny foot, he was delighted.

As baby Blanche grew, she would crow at the sight of her shaggy friend, and bury her dimpled fingers in his long hair. The more she pulled, the better he seemed to like it; and, if he occasionally indulged in a romp, he was the most dignified and patient of dogs in the nursery.



Blanche's first efforts at creeping were received with great satisfaction by Carlo; and he would stretch himself on the floor while she crept over him or used him for a seat, and endured more pulling and pounding than you would have believed a dog could. Blanche returned his devotion, sharing her candy and cake with her dog friend; for he was very fond of both, and would even eat ice-cream, which was certainly a strange taste for a dog to have. Blanche insisted on including Carlo in her prayers; although mamma tried to explain that he had no soul, and could not go to heaven when he died. After saying "Now I lay me down to sleep," at night, Blanche always made another little prayer of her own; and once, when she had shut the door on Carlo's tail, she said, "Please, God, bless papa and mamma and nurse and Tarlo, and forgive me for pinching his tail in dee door,—I did not mean to,—and forgive him for barking and frightening me. Amen." They were constant playmates till Blanche was old enough to go to school. Carlo always escorted her to the academy-door, sometimes carrying her satchel, and, returning home, would sleep in the sun till her footsteps or merry voice roused him, when he would bound to meet her. One day, returning home after leaving Blanche at school, a large bull-dog flew at Carlo, and, after a brief fight, nearly killed him. He dragged himself home; but neither the family physician, who had been hastily summoned, nor careful nursing, could

restore him. Blanche was not the only one who shed tears over the faithful dog. He was buried under an elm, in a quiet corner of the yard; and a marble tablet covers his grave, bearing the inscription, "To Carlo, for ten years a faithful friend."

GOING TO RIDE.

THIS is a queer-looking riding-party, isn't it? There is the cutter (as we should call it), and there are the lady and her two servants; but where is the horse? Well, to tell you the truth, she has no need of a horse; and she is not going coasting, either. When she is comfortably seated in that elegant vehicle called a sledge, with her warm cloak wrapped around her and the fur robe tucked carefully in, she will tell the man who stands behind where she wishes to go. He will then put on his hat, give the sledge a push, and away they will go, like the wind, over the hard, slippery road. If their way lies over the river,—as very likely it may, for that is the most popular highway,—the servant will put on his skates, and they will go faster than ever. A charming way of riding; and, if you lived in Russia, you might try it some day.

Strange things are to be seen in that land of ice and snow, where the horses eat dried fish, and the poor

people sleep on the stove. In the first place, the winters are very cold; and in some parts food freezes solid, like blocks of stone. A loaf of bread needs to be cut with an axe; and meat is sawed into slices in the market, where the beggar-children greedily gather up the sawdust and eat it.

The ice of this country forms five or six feet thick, and so hard, that once a Russian empress had a wonderful palace built of the clear, beautiful substance, with windows and doors, and furnished throughout. All one winter it was used for gay parties, and, when lighted up, was like a fairy palace. And not only houses can be made of Russian ice, but sledges and even cannon can be cut from it. I read of one that was loaded and fired without being hurt in the least.

People have to dress warmly, you may be sure. In the northern parts they wrap themselves in furs, till one can hardly tell whether they are shaggy bears or men and women, especially as they often wear outside cloak and hood made of the skin of some animal, with the ears that belonged to the animal left sticking up on the top.

Their feet they wrap in pieces of cloth made very hot; then put on thick fur boots, and over these a still larger pair stuffed with hay; and then they nearly freeze on a journey.

Not all travellers in Russia ride in a beautiful painted sledge like this in the picture, with its carved



ornaments, and gilded eagle in front. They have horses, — three of them, side by side; and the middle one trots, while the side ones gallop. Over the head of the middle horse is a wooden arch, from which hangs a bell, to ring like our strings of sleigh-bells, and warn people to clear the way.

The things you would like best in Russia in winter are the ice-hills. These are long slides built of wood, and covered with blocks of ice till they are as smooth as glass. Down these delightful hills, men and women, boys and girls, coast by the hour, in all kinds of sledges. Some are of wood, and others of ice, and all covered with cushions and furs. In the evening they are brightly lighted; refreshment-rooms are opened near them; and very lively times they have, even in that land of frost.

A curious sight to us would be the inside of a peasant's cottage, with its big square stove, on top of which, in cold weather, sleep the whole family, wrapped in sheepskins, and cuddled down with the calf or colt, or any domestic animal which they happen to own; and its droll cradle, made of a square board hung from the roof by four cords, on which the baby, wrapped into a tight bundle like an Indian pappoose, is strapped, and spends most of his days till he can walk.

Perhaps you would like to take dinner in this house. You would be treated to black bread and cabbage-soup, a stew made of the heads of geese, or a soup made of

the feet of the same useful fowl; for these can be bought in Russian markets, strung on strings like beads.

The homes of the rich are very different. They are as much too warm for comfort as the outside air is too cold. They are like hot-houses, with big fires, double windows, and crammed with plants from the front door to the back wall. In these warm rooms the ladies dress in light summer clothes, and so make up for the furs and wraps they have to wear out of doors.

In one part of Russia the buffalo is used to draw loads as we use the ox. A traveller who wrote a book about that country tells how they manage to put shoes on to the big clumsy fellows; for their feet are delicate, and they are not able to work without them. The blacksmith has four posts set in the ground; and the animal is driven up to them, and suddenly thrown on to his back. Each leg is then fastened to one of the posts; and there he has to lie, whether he likes it or not (and he generally doesn't, I imagine), till his shoes are fitted and fastened on.

It is not always winter in Russia; and in the summer, instead of ice-hills, the children have fine fun making mud-pies, for which the city officers furnish the sand. In the parks of St. Petersburg are here and there placed mounds of clean sand. Every morning they are nice smooth piles, and all day the city youngsters flock to them with pails and shovels. They dig

and play and muss as much as they like, scattering the sand all about; and the next morning they find it all piled up into mounds again, ready for another day's fun.

Dear me! let's go to Russia to live!

BENNY AT FAULT.

LITTLE Benny had been naughty,—oh, my, yes! What do you think he did? Ran away from school? No, indeed. Benny liked his school very well, and his teacher too; and he thought spelling was “just jolly good fun.” “’Twas most fun when you got ahead of the other boys, and saw Tommy Smith sneakin’ off down foot.” But then that wasn’t right, you know.

What did Benny do that was so naughty? Hit his little sister? No: Benny hadn’t any little sister to hit. He thought little sisters “weren’t much good anyhow, ’cept to drag about on sleds when you wanted to go skatin’ with the other boys.” He was “glad God didn’t send him any.”

I will tell you what Benny did. He stole a little bird’s nest. The birdies’ mamma was not at home. Their papa was digging worms, and the birdies were waiting and waiting for breakfast. Just then Master Benny came and spied them,—three soft yellow heads bobbing about, three pairs of blind little eyes, and three



yellow tongues. Benny looked at them in delight. He slapped his hands on his knees, and laughed so loud that the mother-bird heard him.

"Twee, twee, twee!" chirped the birdies.

"Now you shut up!" said Benny.

That was a naughty way to speak. Benny's mamma had taught him better.

The school-bell began to ring; and Benny took the whole little nest-full, and carried them off to school in his cap.

He carried them off to his desk, but not before Miss Pincher had spied them. After she had opened school, before she called the spelling-class, she said, —

"Which of my dear little boys is a thief?"

Would you believe it? nobody answered.

"Which of my little boys steals baby birdies from their dear mammas?" she asked again.

Little Benny's cheeks grew very red, and he bent close over his spelling-book.

"'Twas Benny! — he did!" cried Tommy Smith, holding up his hand.

"Come here, Benny," said Miss Pincher.

Benny walked slowly over to his teacher, and looked up in her face.

"The old bird don't care," he said: "she flew away; and they was just as scared!"

"Suppose, while your mamma was getting your breakfast, Benny, a great man with huge pockets should

come by and carry you off in one of them: would your mamma care?"

"Yes'm," said Benny.

"And wouldn't *you* care, Benny?"

"Yes'm," said Benny again.

Miss Pincher thought Benny looked sorry; for he had a kind little heart. She made him take the little nest back, and she hopes that Benny will never take another little bird's home as long as he lives.

GIVING PET A TREAT.

KATY and JOHN ROBERTS lived on a nice quiet country farm in the southern part of Maine, surrounded by orchards, meadows, and woodlands. They had a large herd of cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals; but, among them all, none received so much attention or was so generally loved as a little pet squirrel, which they named Trotty. John's father caught it one day while he was working in the woods, and carried it home in his arms, as it had broken its leg. He soon set the limb, however; and the pretty little thing got so tame, that it would walk upon the table, or mount on the children's shoulders, without being frightened. His fur was soft and of a beautiful reddish-brown color, with a pure white ring round his

little throat; his body was about the size of a very large mouse, and he had a great bushy tail nearly twice as long as his body; he had great long ears, beautiful bright black eyes, pretty little fore-paws which served the purpose of hands, and long hind-legs which enabled him to spring from branch to branch of the trees very quickly.

John's eldest brother made a nice little house for Trotty, with two rooms in it, — a little bedroom filled with soft wool for him to sleep on; and a large circular parlor, with wires laid crosswise, that went round and round when he wanted a little fun.

Trotty knew his name well; and, when John or Katy or any of the other children called him, he would leap over to them, and sit on his hind-legs, and look at them so cunningly, that they could not help laughing at him. There he would stand until some one gave him a nut, when he would hold it tight between his fore-paws, and nibble a hole in the top; and, after he had eaten the kernel, he would throw away the shell.

One day in the fall, after the harvesting was all finished, Katy and her brothers resolved that they would give Trotty a great treat. So they went and gathered some jessamine and morning-glories and primroses and violets, and decorated his little parlor and bedroom with festoons of these pretty flowers intertwined, so as almost to make Trotty think he was back in his home among the trees once more.



But what could be got for him to eat? His pretty bedroom would not do him much good if he went to bed hungry. So the boys went and searched the garden for some small red worms and a few caterpillars, and the soft green flower-buds of the tender plants, and gathered some beautiful bunches of ripe brown filberts, and brought them to Katy, who set them in plates in different parts of the long kitchen, so that Trotty might have a little extra fun on this grand occasion.

It was quite a pretty sight to see the children all seated around the table, and Trotty, with a pretty blue ribbon round his neck, perched on his seat of honor in the middle of the table. His piercing black eye sparkled with fun and mischief as he leaped about on the tables, and from one shoulder to another, with his bushy tail spreading over his head, the picture of happiness and glee.

But, alas! there is no pleasure without pain. Poor little Trotty, in his merry gambols, forgot that there was such a thing as eating too much; and whether the worms disagreed with his delicate stomach, or not, we do not know; but, when he went to his bedroom at night, he felt sick, and hung his head down, his tail drooped, and his pretty black eye could scarcely be seen.

Soon after sunrise, Katy, John, and the rest of the children, were seen bustling around the kitchen, trying

to clear away the litter of their last night's frolic. But where was Trotty? He had never been missing before. They did not notice his absence for some time; but at last Katy became very anxious about him, and went to look for him in his parlor. He was not there! She opened the door of his bedroom; and there lay the poor little squirrel, his eyes closed, and his paws drooping. She lifted up one paw, and then another; but they dropped down again directly. *Poor Trotty was dead!*

And now you may be sure there was mourning in that house for the death of their dear little favorite. They could not bear that he should be thrown out in the field without burial: so Katy dressed him in a nice little black jacket, and put a new piece of blue ribbon around his pretty white throat; and John made a little pine coffin; and they made a grave in the corner of the flower-garden; and, after they had buried him, William put a little board at the head of the grave, on which was painted the words, "In Memory of Little Trotty."



THE DESERTER.

THERE were a great many boys in Oakfield. Indeed, you could hardly go out in the street without stumbling over two or three of them. There were large boys, and small boys, and middle-sized boys, and boys of all the sizes between. Some of them were very good, steady, home-loving boys; and some of them were real little rogues and torments, who never wanted to work or study, and were only good for mischief.

Sam Potts and Edwin Brown were two nice, steady little fellows, who enjoyed play all the more because they were good workers. One day it came into Edwin's head to start a company of soldiers among the boys; and, to begin, he told Sam about it.

"We don't want any sham," he said: "we'll have it real out-and-out earnest. My father was in the war, and he's taught me all about drilling. There's no use in any fellow coming in for fun, unless he means to work."

"That's so," said Sammy, slapping his knees with his little brown hands: "let's have only the nice fellows, and make 'em sign papers, and all that sort of thing."

This motion was carried unanimously by Sam and Edwin. But, dear me! you don't suppose it rested there, do you? That very afternoon, a dozen of the nicest fellows met in Farmer Potts's barn, and for two or



three hours they all talked at once. But, before the meeting broke up, every thing was cut and dried: all the boys had signed the papers, pledging themselves to two years' faithful service in camp or field; and Edwin Brown was chosen captain.

They opened a little recruiting-office at once, and hung out a small American flag to show what it was. All the sisters in town were coaxed to make soldier-clothes; and the first drill came off the next afternoon.

Sam Potts was recruiting-officer; but the boys stood by him well, for the whole twelve were on guard, taking care of the papers. The ranks filled up fast, and only the nice, steady boys had a chance to get in.

But late in the afternoon came Nicholas Whiting, the most mischievous little fellow in Oakfield, with his bosom friend beside him.

Nicholas was a good-natured chap, and he came in laughing all over: even the tip of his funny little nose seemed to laugh. The regiment felt as if it wasn't being treated with proper respect. The twelve shook their heads, and the recruiting-officer shook his.

"Only steady boys can come in," he said: "you've got to promise for two years, and you'd shirk in a week."

"No, we wouldn't," said Nick. "Try us a bit."

"There ain't any 'trying a bit,'" cried the chorus. "There's a court-martial; and, if you desert, you'll be shut up for a day and a night."

Still the boys begged to come, and the captain said he would try them. They had to sign the papers, and promise to be very good. I think they meant to be; but Nick was a flighty little fellow, and always liked the fun best that had no work in it.

All went on steadily for two weeks, when suddenly Nicholas began to be absent from drill. One, two, three, four days, there was no answer to his name when the roll was called.

"This won't do," said the captain. "Private Whiting will have to be court-martialled."

So they sent a little squad of soldiers to catch him first. But he was nowhere to be found; and, more than that, he was not to be found for a week.

The regiment was much distressed; but what could be done? One day, when the captain himself was on his way to the field to help "father," he spied the truant turning summersaults over a mound of sweet, fresh hay.

"Halloo!" he cried; and Nicholas stood as if some one had shot him.

"What made you shirk?" said the captain, taking him by the ear.

"Ow! get out!" said the unruly soldier.

"Fellows that shirk must pay for it," said the captain.

But Edwin was no shirk: so he shut up Sam in his father's barn until his own work was done; then he

called the company together. Of course the company called a court-martial, and the court-martial condemned the prisoner to close confinement in the "dungeon" of the recruiting-house for a day and a night. On account of his tender years, they made it the hay-loft; and two of the soldiers stood guard to see that he didn't run away.

They had no more deserters, because the soldiers all liked their little warm beds better than the hay-mow.

TRUE CHARITY.

LITTLE LOUIE LOVECHILD was a lively lass, about eleven years old. She always enjoyed a good bit of innocent fun; got up with the lark in the morning, and fed all the birds and chickens herself before she sat down to her own breakfast. Not but what she was naughty sometimes; but a quiet word or a serious look from her mother would always bring her to her senses, and cause her to confess her fault. She had learned her lessons for the day; and her mamma was now taking her on a visit to her aunt, who lived in a nice little house by the side of the river.

"How beautifully the birds sing this morning!" said Louie to her mamma as they passed under the big chestnut-trees.



"Yes, my dear," replied her mamma. "They are thanking God for the good breakfast he has given them this morning."

"What a pity we cannot understand what they are saying, mamma! I should be so glad if I could learn their language!"

"It is not necessary that we should know what they are saying, my love. We should only try to imitate them in their actions; for they never forget to sing their pretty songs of thankfulness after every meal."

"Oh, do look there, dear mamma! See that poor little boy sitting on the bank! He looks so pale and sad! Do you think he has had his breakfast?"

"I should think it very likely not, my dear," was the answer. "He has no kind mamma to take care of him, or to get food for him. He is an orphan."

"Poor little boy, how I pity him! Say, mamma: papa gave me a nice bright quarter-dollar to buy a doll this morning. I should so like to give it to him for him to get a breakfast with!" whispered little Louie.

"Well, my dear child, you may do so if you like; but what will your papa say when he sees you without your doll?"

"Oh! I'm sure my dear papa won't scold me when I tell him that the little boy has no good mamma to pet him. He does look so hungry!"

And away little Louie trotted, and, with a bright smile, dropped the bright coin into his cap.

A tear started in the little fellow's eye as he tried to say "Thank you," and his sobs prevented his saying any thing more.

"O mamma! he hasn't any shoes or stockings; and his clothes are so ragged! May I ask papa to buy him some, if you please?"

"Yes, you may this time; but you must remember that your papa is not rich enough to give shoes and stockings to every little ragged child you meet."

"No, dear mamma; but this little boy does not look rude, I'm sure. I'll ask papa the minute I get home."

The little girl skipped gayly by her mother's side, laughing and talking, until she reached her aunt's house, where she had a good time with her little cousins; and we think she felt all the happier for giving this poor boy the money to get a good breakfast.

LOST SOMETHING.

"Boo, hoo, hoo!" cried a chubby little boy at the top of his strong lungs, twisting his sweet face into a terrible thing that did not look like a face at all.

"Boo—oo—hoo, hoo!"

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked a kind gentleman who was passing by.

"Oh — h — hoo! I's los' — lost something, and can't find it, and oh — boo, hoo!"

"Never mind, my little fellow: I'll help you find it." And the gentleman went into the front-yard, and began looking on the ground for a dime, or a quarter of a dollar, or a whistle.

"'Tain't lost *there*," cried Johnny scornfully. "It's so big you can see it in a minute."

"What is it you've lost, my poor little man?" asked the gentleman kindly.

"It's my mamma — it is," sobbed Johnny; "and she's gone to grandma's, and uncle Sam's, and aunt Molly's, and a-shoppin', and to market, and to the 'ternal meetin', and everywhere, and left me, and oh — ho! boo, hoo!"

So violent did Johnny's screams become now, that his new friend thought he must have been left alone in that big house by mistake; and, although in haste to take the cars, he stopped and said, "Come to the next house, and wait till your mother comes in."

Just here a side-door opened, and a pretty lady came out and said, "Why, why! what is all this noise about, Johnny?"

"I — lost — you — mamma — and — you was — not — anywhere!" sobbed the little boy.

The lady smiled, and said, "I was only in my own

room ;” and a glance at her showed that she had been there to put on a pretty fresh lilac muslin, which made her look even sweeter than the mamma her foolish little boy thought he had lost, because she was not in the sitting-room.

Johnny spoiled his pretty face, and made his head ache, and the kind gentleman lost his train, all because the silly little boy cried for nothing. This is what big folks call “borrowing trouble ;” and it is a very foolish thing to do.

FREDDY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

It was Christmas morning ; and Freddy stood by the window, looking out into the street. He paid no attention to the people who passed by with queer-shaped packages, and arms full of bundles. His eyes were steadily turned up the street towards a certain corner, where he hoped every moment to see his papa.

His papa, you must know, was a sailor, and he had been away now for a whole year ; but he had written to mamma that he should be sure to be home by Christmas ; and every day for a week some one had been on the watch at that corner, where the first glimpse of him could be caught.

Christmas without papa was a dismal affair. To be sure, Santa Claus did not forget to fill the three little

stockings that hung in the nursery; but what were tops and balls and jumping-jacks to a big, live papa, who could tell heaps of stories, and was the very best man in the world?

There had been a heavy gale for two or three days, and mamma had grown very sober; and Freddy often saw her look at the clouds when she thought no one saw her, and she started every time the door-bell rang; and, though Freddy was only eight years old, he was used to "taking care" of mamma when papa was gone, and *he* knew as well as any one that she was very anxious. But he said nothing about it, only tried to help amuse baby; and, whenever he had a chance, he ran to the window and watched.

Nannie was playing with her new Christmas doll in the rocking-chair, and mamma was trying to read by the fire. Auntie had gone down to the kitchen.

Nannie had just got her dolly undressed, and was rocking her to sleep, when auntie called up from the stairs, —

"Freddy, do you want to come down and stir the pudding?"

"Course I do!" shouted Freddy, starting down on a run.

"Me too!" cried Nannie, dropping her doll, and running after him.

"Wait, children," said mamma: "I'll go with you." So down stairs they all went; and mamma held the



big pan steady, while Freddy with both hands stirred the pudding. Betsy stood at the table, waiting for the ceremony to be over; auntie was playing with baby; and mamma was closely watching the pudding: so there was no one but Nannie looking up to see the door open very quietly, and a head stuck in. The head had a hat on, a thick black beard, and bright laughing eyes.

Nannie was struck dumb with amazement as the door opened still wider, and a body followed the head. The body was tall, and wrapped in a big overcoat. Just as it was fairly inside the door, Nannie drew a quick breath, and cried, —

“Papa!”

That made a sudden fly-around in the little kitchen. Auntie nearly dropped the baby; mamma let go of the pan so suddenly, that Freddy's vigorous stir threw it over on to the floor; and Freddy himself sat suddenly down in the mass of sticky dough.

Mamma was the first to reach the tall figure; and, after she had a good hugging, she sat down on a kitchen chair, and — *cried!* Think of that! Isn't it queer that grown-ups will sometimes cry when they ought to laugh?

Freddy didn't cry, — not he! though his pretty knickerbockers were covered with a dreadful mass of flour and raisins and spices and molasses, and ever so many other things. He rushed right up to papa, who had his arms full of Nannie and baby and auntie all

at once ; and you may be sure he had his share of kisses, though papa held him at arm's-length, and asked him if he took his pudding on the outside, and told him he could not sit on his knee till he had finished his pudding.

Then they all laughed, and they went up to the parlor ; and Freddy slipped up to nurse, and had another suit put on. But the Christmas pudding was spoilt, and it was too late to make another : so they had to have dinner without any. And papa said it was his fault, because he startled them by coming in so suddenly, and so he must provide the pudding himself ; for who *ever* heard of Christmas dinner without a pudding ?

Then he sent for his trunks ; and he opened one, and brought out ever so many things that he had brought over the sea for them all : and they were queer enough ; for they came from Japan.

Comical figures and paintings for mamma and auntie ; strange kites and other droll toys for Freddy ; and a funny Japanese doll, with no hair on its head, wooden shoes, and eyes turned up at the ends, for Nannie.

Very queer the foreign doll looked beside the rest of the doll family, and Nannie wasn't quite sure they would like a foreigner among them. So "Japanee" was left standing up on the window-sill ; for the unfortunate stranger could not sit down.

As for baby, she showed a great fancy for the neg-

lected Oriental, and cried for it every time she saw it; though papa had not forgotten her, but brought her a beautiful china cat and other odd toys out of the wonderful box for her little fingers.

Among Freddy's things was a figure of a famous Japanese soldier; and this he took good care of, so that he had it for many years. It had a queer long name, which Freddy couldn't remember: so he always called it his Christmas Pudding Soldier.

THE LOST LAMB.

SHE lived in a small hut on a mountain, — the dear little Elsie. In winter it was very, very cold; and even in summer sometimes the wind blew keenly: it whistled about the little hut as it whistles down your chimneys in winter-time. But of course there were warm summer-days, when the sun shone brightly, and the little birds sang carols to their babies. Then the flowers — such beautiful flowers! — were everywhere, hiding their dear little heads under rough rocks, and peering up from mossy banks into Elsie's sweet blue eyes. Often she had to tread them under foot, when she went with her father after the sheep in the long summer-days; for Elsie's father was a shepherd, and did nothing all day long but lead his sheep and his little lambs from one



green spot to another. All the warm days they could be out in the sunshine; but when the cold winter came they had to be shut up close in their sheds.

Elsie's father had given her a little lamb to be all her own; and Elsie loved it very dearly, just as you would love your dog, or your kitten, or your dolly; for it ate out of her hand, and came with swift-running little feet whenever she called it. It followed her all around like Mary's little lamb. Often she carried it in her arms when it was tired following the sheep, while its old mother walked by her side; and more than once she slept with it in her bosom.

One night a great storm was coming on. The old north wind was out with his trumpet, and all the trees bent their heads before him. It was summer-time; but summer cannot always keep the north wind from roaring.

Elsie's father gathered all the sheep close under shelter as the dark came on, and all the little lambs ran after their mothers. The stout old shepherd shivered; for he said there would be a great storm, and he was glad they had a roof to cover them. Elsie, too, was going to creep into her little warm nest; but first she must feed her lamb with her own hand, and be sure that it was warm and happy. You can't begin to think how her little heart ached when she went to the fold, and there was no answer to her call.

She looked and looked again, but found no lamb.

"Alas, alas!" said little Elsie; for she thought of

her poor lamb wandering out alone in the cold wind and storm, and her heart ached for it.

“It’s only one small lamb,” said her father, “and ’tis thine. The night is a hard one: let it be, child.”

Then Elsie sat down in a corner, and sobbed and cried. She thought how well the lamb had loved her, and trusted to her care.

“If thee wants it, thee must seek it thyself,” said the shepherd gruffly; for he was not always a tender father like yours, and sometimes he took better care of his sheep than he did of his dear little daughter.

Elsie thought of the keen wind and her little stray lamb; then she thought of her own warm little bed. Her father went off to bed, and the night was dark and cold. Elsie had no mother to pity and comfort her: so, after sitting and crying a while, she, too, crept off to her nest. But when she slept she dreamt of her lamb, and all through her sleep she heard him cry.

Soon she woke with a start, and began to dress; then, putting on a brave little heart, she crept out into the cold. Very dark it was: I don’t think you have ever been out on such a dark, cold night. Sometimes Elsie’s little foot slipped, and sometimes she tore her hands on the thorns and briars; but always she called the name of her little lamb. At last, after many weary steps, she found him hidden in the bushes, not far from home.

How do you think she found him? Why, the lamb called too, bleating and crying after Elsie. He was

very cold ; but she wrapped him close in her arms, and trudged with a happy little heart back to her own warm bed.

Don't you think she loved him more than ever after that? Wouldn't you?

Now, whom was the little Elsie like that night? Can you tell me? Don't you know of some one who left his home to come seeking you and me? Our tender Shepherd came away from his beautiful heaven and the dear angels to be a little baby, and then to die that we might not wander in the cold and dark. Don't you think he must love us? When you hear him calling, will you answer like Elsie's little lamb, and let him fold you close in his arms?

WANTED, TWELVE PAIRS OF STOCKINGS

WANTED, twelve pairs of stockings.

Come, wee folks, one and all,

Hunt up your knitting-needles,

And beg a bright, soft ball

Of yarn from dear grandmother :

Perhaps she'll show you how

To knit the tiny stockings :

We'll need them quite soon now.

WANTED, TWELVE PAIRS OF STOCKINGS.

For Blackey, the shy pullet,
Has hatched a dozen chicks.



Of course they're all barefooted :
So we must try and fix

Each one a pair of stockings
Before the snow-flakes fly,
Else, they're so young and tender,
They might catch cold, and die.

At best, she's very foolish, —
The mother-hen, I mean :
She's not one bit of forethought,
But, proud as any queen,
Goes clucking with her chickens,
And never thinks, I know,
That wintry days are coming,
That stockings do not grow.

So get your knitting-needles ;
And, when the socks are done,
Send them right on to Blackey :
She'll need them every one.
Then, when cold winds are blowing,
'Twill be rare sport to see
Twelve little chicks in stockings,
Each proud as proud can be.



THE SQUINT-EYED PARTY.

ONE day, when George was playing near the gate of the lawn, he heard a boy going from school cry out to another, "No, squint-eye, you sha'n't go to our party;" and he saw poor homely Tim Dunn, with his crooked eyes and freckled face, crying and sobbing.

He put his little white hand through the rails of the fence, and said, "Here, little boy: you may have my new whistle. Don't cry any more."

Then he ran into the house, and asked, "Can't I have a squint-eyed party on the lawn, mamma, so as to 'vite that poor speckled boy?"

Of course his mamma laughed, and she said, "O George, dear! you are very kind; but I don't think there is any other squint-eyed boy round here but little Tim."

"Oh, yes, mamma! you forget. There is lame Sam with such a thick sole on his shoe, and the boy that had his hand cut off in the hay-cutter, and" —

"But they are not squint-eyed, George," said his mother.

"Well, but it's in their feet and hand, and that's just as bad, isn't it, mamma?" asked the dear child.

George's brother was ten years old, and thought he knew a great deal more than this little fellow. "Ha,

ha ! George thinks Sam is squint-eyed in his foot, and little Tom is in his hand."

But the mother said, " I know what George means. He pities such boys, and wants to make them happy. He shall have the tent pitched on the lawn, and have the poor boys here ; and I will help him to make them happy. His party will be like the one we read of in the Bible, to which the halt and the maimed and the blind were invited. — Go, William, pitch the tent, and then ask these boys to George's party."

NELLY'S FAULT.

" I WONDER who wants to knit me some nice warm mittens," said grandma one day.

" Oh, I do, I do ! " cried Nelly, clapping her hands, and dropping a lapful of flowers.

" These little ' I do's ' put me in mind of the wee fairies," said grandma, smiling : " they dance about finely in the sunshine, but they melt away if you look at them with your spectacles on."

Nelly blushed, and hung her head ; for she knew as well as grandmamma how her little promises were apt to melt away, and be forgotten : she knew well how many things she had begun which were still unfinished, and how often she played or read story-books when



she had work to do. Grandma was sorry for this naughty habit, and was trying to help Nelly overcome it.

"Why, grandma," said Bob, "this is flower-time: nobody wants mittens in summer."

"It is the wise little ants," said grandma, "who lay up a store for the winter. You may be a butterfly, my dear."

"Mayn't I make your mittens?" asked Nelly, laying her little soft cheek against grandma's. "I promise sure not to get tired, and I knit most as well as you do now."

"So you do, dear," said grandma. "Well, I have some pretty gray and red yarn: if the little one would like to make me some mittens to keep my old hands warm on Thanksgiving Day, I shall be very glad."

That was all Nelly heard; but, after she had gone off with her flowers, grandma said to Nelly's mamma, —

"I shall be so glad if Nelly can learn to be faithful in these little things! I think, if she has my mittens done by Thanksgiving, I must give her a fine new sled."

Now, this was what Nelly had longed and wished for more than any thing else: so her mamma cried out gladly, —

"Oh! I will tell her at once, and she will be sure to have them done."

"No, no, you must not do that, my dear," said the

kind old grandma. "I want to cure her of this bad habit; but she must finish them from love of me, not for a reward."

Nelly began the mittens the very next day; and she worked right well for a time. The gray yarn was very pretty; but she wanted so much to get to the red stripes at the wrist! But, when one mitten was finished, the other began to drag. Some days, if you will believe it, she would only knit a dozen stitches before she became very tired. Then her mamma would say gently, —

"Nelly dear, if I were you, I would make more haste with grandma's mittens, or her hands will be cold Thanksgiving Day."

Then perhaps for a day or two the little girl would be quite industrious, and it would really seem as though the mittens might be finished, after all; but Thanksgiving was drawing near, and the last one grew slowly.

There was a grand snow-storm one week before Thanksgiving, and Nelly had a great deal of sliding and snow-balling to attend to; besides, the thought of the Thanksgiving party at grandma's made it hard to sit down quietly at any thing.

However, on the day before Thanksgiving the mitten was almost finished; and when mamma went out in the afternoon she said to Nelly, —

"My dear, if you keep very busy, you can easily get through, and grandma will be so glad!"

Mamma smiled; for she knew that this very after-

noon grandma was going to buy the prettiest sled she could find for little Nelly.

So Nelly began to knit, singing all the while to herself; and for full fifteen minutes she never stopped once. But then—it was such a pity!—uncle Joe had given her a new book only the day before, with wonderful stories in it of Cinderella and Bluebeard and Red Riding-Hood; and Nelly had been so foolish as to lay the book right on the sofa, where she could see it as she worked.

She wouldn't open it once; oh, no! But presently she did want so much to see what the first story was about; and then—presto! before you could say "Jack Robinson," she had forgotten all about grandma and the mittens. When mamma came home, she was sitting on the floor, sobbing over Little Red Riding-Hood as if her heart would break.

Well, what do you think came next? Nelly was very sorry: but the mitten was tucked away in a drawer; and the next morning she had almost forgotten it, in her joy at going to grandma's.

There were a great many uncles and aunts and cousins at grandma's before Nelly arrived; and they were all sitting around in the parlor, waiting for the church-bell to ring. There was so much kissing and hugging, that it would almost take your breath away to speak of it. Grandma was sitting in her great easy-chair; and, when Nelly went up to kiss her, she held

the little girl's hand tight in hers, and said aloud, so that everybody could hear, —

“My dear little Nelly has been making me a beautiful pair of mittens to wear to church to-day, and I am very much pleased. I am going to surprise her with something that I know will make her very happy. I am glad the snow came in time.”

Grandma looked behind the chair, and drew out a sled, which was so pretty that all the children raised a shout of joy.

Only Nelly hung her head, and the tears began to roll down her soft little cheeks.

“There is my gift for Nelly, and here is Nelly's gift for me,” said the dear old lady. And, what do you think? she held up a pair of mittens just like Nelly's!

Nelly looked in wonder. Could some beautiful angel have come down and finished them while she was asleep? A naughty little thought told Nelly to keep still, and not say a word about it: grandma would never know.

“I won't keep still, now, so!” said Nelly to herself.

And she said, looking right in grandma's eyes, “You hadn't better give me that sled, grandma. I did mean to be goody, and uncle Joe hadn't oughter given me any story-book. I didn't just quite finish that last mitten; and oh! grandma, couldn't I try just once more?” She threw herself sobbing and crying into grandma's arms.

Don't you believe grandma wanted to give her the sled just there on the spot? Of course she did.

Uncle Joe stepped up, with a funny look in his eyes, and said, if it was any fault of his, he was willing to be punished. He would take the children all riding on the new sled after church, and then Nelly should not see it again for two whole weeks.

"Very well," said grandma.

Did mamma finish the mittens? Oh, dear, no! Mamma was too wise. Who, then? grandma? No, indeed!

Why, Nelly's older sister, who didn't know about the sled, but felt sorry for the dear little lazy Nelly, and took them to grandma herself.

PUSSY AND I.

LITTLE pussy whitey toes,
You funny, wee, wee cat,
I guess I know, and grandpa knows,
Who slept in his new hat.

Oh you cunning little pet!
Dear grandpa cannot tell



Who crushed his bed of mignonette,
Or how the cactus fell.

Nursie says, "You careless girl,
To break the china vase!
You left my work-box in a whirl,
And tore my pretty lace."

All my pennies from both banks
I paid her for the loss.
Ah, kit! your merry, roguish pranks
Make nursie look so cross!

Oh you fatty, puffy ball!
I have to bear the blame:
They don't suspect you, you're so small.
Now, is it not a shame?

POOR JACK.

HE stood looking into the window of a corner bakery, — only a poor, ragged boy, with his face unwashed, and rough, coarse hair falling over it. He was so dirty, that I think you would have drawn your

dainty little silk dress away for fear of touching him. Maybe you would have wondered how such a dirty boy could bear to be out on the street.

But, oh! how hungry he was! — had had only one poor, dry crust all yesterday, and that he picked out of a barrel. *Didn't* he wish some one would let him shovel a sidewalk, or chop a little wood, if they only gave him a loaf of bread in return! For his two little sisters were so hungry! He guessed they would die, most likely, unless the mission people came to help them. How he loved them too!



Mother told him to take care of them: yes, so she did. But what could a fellow do out in the big world, and everybody going by as if they didn't see him? "Mother said God would help; but God don't seem to hear."

The big tears gathered in his eyes; but he wouldn't

let them fall. What was the use, when nobody would pity them?

If he only could take a loaf back to Susy and Jennie! if he only —

Just then a little girl came tripping by, holding her mamma's hand. She had ten cents in her pocket, — ten whole cents, to spend for herself just as she liked, you see. She and her mother had been thinking what to buy, — candy or peanuts, or a new head for dolly.

“Oh, see, mamma!” she said softly, stopping short in her little tripping walk. “Isn't he dirty? and what does he want?”

“Bread, I guess, Nelly. He looks hungry.”

“Oh, dear! Does he really, mamma? But why don't he go home and get a slice? Don't you s'pose his mother would give him some?”

“Ask him, dearie.”

“Little boy,” said Nelly, — “*big* boy, I mean, — do you want somefing?”

The big boy choked back his tears, and put his hands in his pockets.

“I saw you cry,” said Nelly, — “two tears. Did your mamma whip you? Why don't you go home to dinner?”

“There ain't any dinner; and mother's dead,” he said.

“Oh!” said Nelly softly, taking hold of his ragged coat-sleeve: “then why don't you eat bread and butter?”

“There ain’t any bread, nor nothin’ else.”

“Oh, dear!” sighed Nelly, grieved to the heart at the thought of such misery.

“Do you s’pose,” she said, “if you had ten cents, that would help? and—and do you s’pose you’ll be awful good if I give it to you? because, don’t you see, my dolly can’t have a new head.”

Would you believe it? the poor boy began to cry.

They took him into the bakery; and you couldn’t begin to guess how many things that ten cents paid for,—two loaves of bread, and a nice cake, and a quart of good rich milk, with a pail to carry it in. At least, Nelly thought she paid for all these things herself; and she wondered how mamma could say it cost so much to keep house.

Then they went home with poor Jack, and made friends with his little sisters; and they all cried together. Nelly would have liked to give away half of all her own clothes, to make the little girls warm and comfortable; and begged her mamma that they might be her sisters, and go home to live with her. “If they only will wash clean,” she added in a whisper; “for the dirt *mightn’t* come off, you know.”

There were no more hungry times after that; for a kind gentleman gave Jack work to do, and the little sisters were well fed and clothed. Jack began to think in his own heart, that, after all, God must have heard, and sent little Nelly to bring his answer.

FRANK'S BIRTHDAY-DINNER.

THERE was a famine away out West where little Frank lived. Do you know what that means? Why, it means no bread and no meat, and going without one's dinner. Sometimes it means starving to death. You see, the grasshoppers had been about, eating up the corn and the wheat; and they hadn't left much for the people.

Frank often went hungry to bed, and he never had as much as he wanted to eat. You would think it very hard to have only good slices of bread, with sometimes a little milk; but he would have been very glad of bread alone.

However, one day his mother gave him a great bowl of milk, and some good slices of bread. It was his birthday too; and, indeed, that was the reason he had such a feast; for his mother said to herself, —

“Poor little fellow! he goes hungry so often, he shall have one good meal a year, if I starve for it myself.”

Then she said to her boy, “Frankie, my dear, here is a good bowl of milk, and three slices of bread. Take them out in the barn, and eat as much as ever you want.”



Poor little Frank! if he had eaten all he wanted, I dare say he would have taken a whole loaf. But he trudged out to the barn; and behind him trudged two friends of his, who were hungry too,—old Sharp the dog, and Betsy the cat. Even the mice seemed to be starved out, and Betsy had not found one for a day and a night. Poor Sharp had been gnawing over all the bones he had buried for a year past, and he found very little to eat on them.

Frank began to eat, and tried not to see his two friends. But Sharp's eyes were so big and piteous, and Betsy licked her whiskers so beseechingly, that his heart began to ache. So he tossed Sharp a slice of bread, and set down his bowl for Betsy to take a drink. Sharp took the bread at a mouthful, and Betsy drank with a will.

Poor Frank supposed, since dogs had bigger mouths, they must be meant to eat more than little boys; and he guessed God would feed him if he took care of Sharp and Betsy. So he gave Sharp one more slice, and divided the little that was left between Betsy and himself. Of course, poor little fellow, he went hungry to bed; but he didn't starve,—oh, no!—and he had a beautiful dream. He dreamed he was sitting alone in the barn, feeling very hungry. Then the barn-door opened, and Sharp and Betsy came in on their hind-paws, each with a silver waiter. Sharp had a big bowl of bread and milk, and all kinds of delicious

cakes ; and Betsy carried candy and oranges. Such a feast as they had ! Maybe he was hungry when he woke ; but the dream was lovely. And I shouldn't wonder if God often sends beautiful dreams to little boys who are pitiful and kind to others.

FINDING THE OWNER.

"It's mine," said Fred, displaying a white-handled pocket-knife, with every blade perfect and shining. "Just what I've always wanted." And he turned the prize over and over with evident satisfaction.

"I guess I know who owns it," said Tom, measuring it with a critical eye.

"I guess you don't," was the quick response. "It isn't Mr. Raymond's," said Fred, shooting wide of the mark.

"I know that ; Mr. Raymond's is twice as large," observed Tom, going on with his drawing-lesson.

Do you suppose Fred took any comfort with that knife ? Not a bit of it. He was conscious all the time of having something in his possession that did not belong to him ; and Tom's suspicion interfered sadly with his enjoyment.

Finally it became such a real torment to him, that he had serious thoughts of burning it, or bury-

ing it, or giving it away. But a better plan suggested itself.

"Tom," he observed one day at recess, "didn't you say you thought you knew who owned that knife I found?"

"Yes, I did: it looked like Dr. Perry's." And Tom ran off to his play, without giving the knife another thought.

Dr. Perry's! Why, Fred would have time to run there and back before recess closed: so he started in haste, and was just in time to catch the old gentleman.

"Is this yours?" gasped Fred in breathless haste, holding up the cause of a week's anxiety.

"It was," said the doctor; "but I lost it the other day."

"And I found it," said Fred, "and have felt like a thief ever since. Here, take it: I've got to run."

"Hold on!" said the doctor. "I've got a new one, and you're quite welcome to this."

"Am I? May I?" And with what a different feeling he restored the knife to his pocket!

"Findings is keepings," said the doctor, smiling.

"Not till you've asked the owner," said Fred, "if you can discover who the owner is."



SKIP.

SKIP is a very cunning and a very smart little dog, living not far from the city of Boston. One day last spring he accompanied his two little mistresses, Hattie and Jennie, to the city. They all had a very nice time; but when they reached the depot, on their return, a sudden and heavy shower came up. How the little girls should get home without spoiling their pretty new suits was quite a puzzling question. At last Hattie said, "Let us send Skip for our umbrellas and water-proofs."

Skip stood by, looking earnestly at the girls, as if he knew they were in difficulty. Hattie wrote on the edge of a newspaper which she had with her, "We are caught in the rain: send us an umbrella and water-proof."

"Here, Skip," she said, "take this home, there's a nice doggy."

Skip wagged his tail, pricked up his ears, and, taking the paper in his mouth, scampered away as fast as he could go.

Arriving home, the little dog carried the paper to Hattie's mother, and stood looking at her until she said,—

"All right, Skip," and sent one of the boys down with the umbrella and water-proofs to the depot.

This is only one of the very intelligent things that Skip often does. He has a great many friends, and is very much petted, and is really quite a useful little dog.

"CAN'T HELP IT."

THAT was what Bert always said when any one blamed him for his careless ways.

Susie came in one morning. "O Bert!" she sobbed, "when you fed the rabbits, you left the door unlatched, and they came out and ran all over my garden; and they have ruined my best plants."

"Did they?" he said: "I'm real sorry, Sue; but I



can't help it. I meant to shut the door, and I thought I did." But poor Susie started for school with a very tearful face.

"Bert," called his mother, after he had caught the rabbits, "there is a very stormy-looking cloud in the south. You and Susie had better stay this noon. Your lunch is in front of the pantry-window." So Bert put it in a tin pail; and how nice it did look, to be sure!—biscuit and cold tongue and sponge-cake, and two little apple-turnovers.

"Here comes Bert, just in time to pitch for us," cried the ball-players as he neared the schoolhouse. He set the pail on the ground, and ran to his place.

"Hadn't you better leave it on the fence?" suggested one of the boys.

"No; it's all right," he said. But a hungry dog came up behind them; and, when the bell rang, nothing was left but the inside of the turnovers; for Bert had hurried away in the morning without waiting for the cover.

"Won't Sue be provoked, though?" he said to himself. "But I can't help it. Mr. Maloney ought not to starve his dog so."

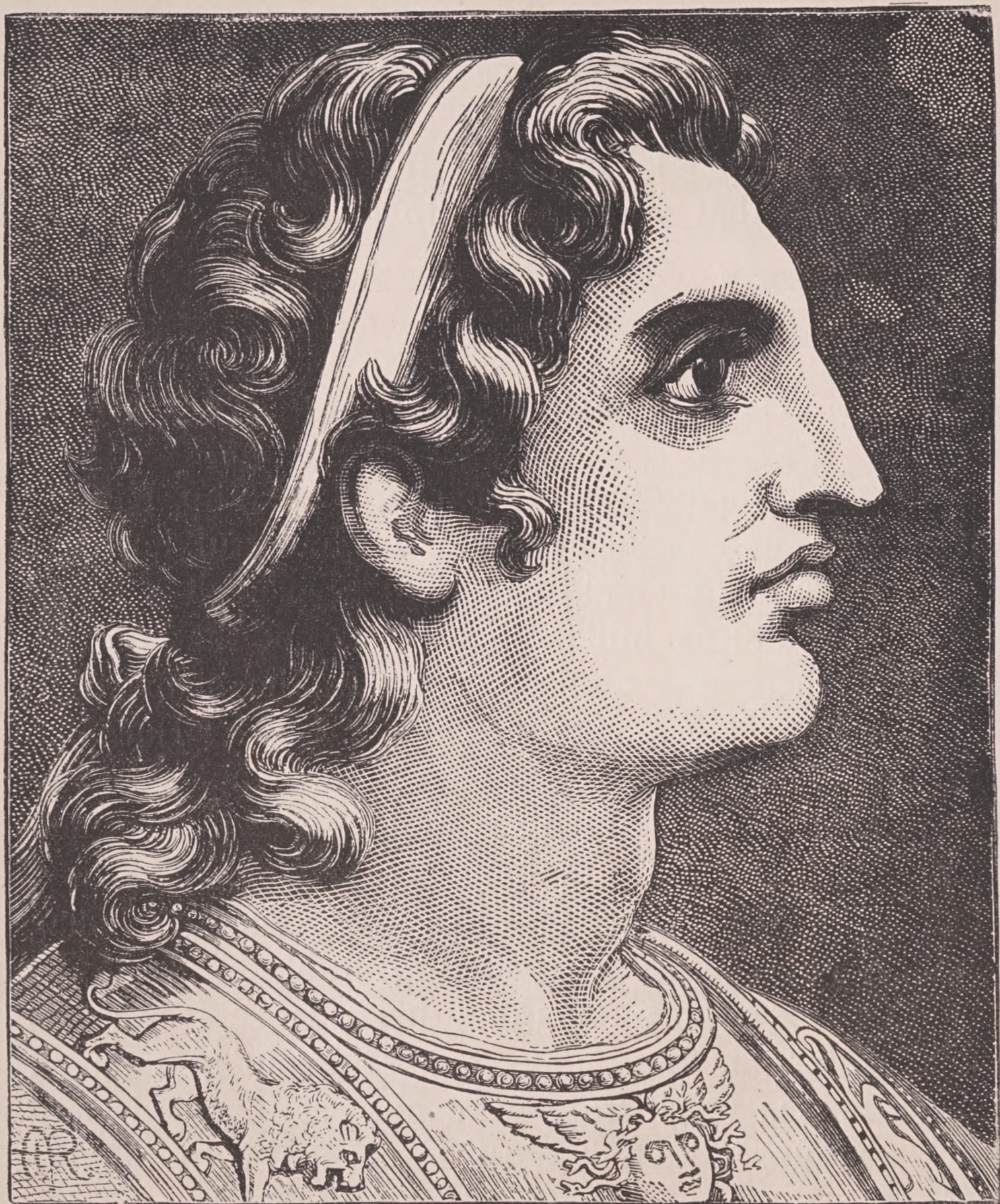
The rain came, and at night he went into the kitchen to change his muddy shoes. He kicked them off, and one flew across the room into a basket of clean clothes just folded for ironing. Every article it touched would have to be washed over.

“Oh, dear! that’s too bad, Bridget,” he said; “but I can’t help it. I never once thought of its flying so far.”

“Can’t help it!” muttered the indignant Bridget. “You mane that you *don’t* help it.”

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS HORSE.

ONE day there came to the court of Philip, King of Macedonia, a horse-dealer with a wonderful horse to sell. Never before had there been seen such a horse. He was white as milk, all over, except that on his forehead there was a black mark in the shape of a bull’s head. Hence he was called in Greek “Bucephalus,” which would be “Bull-head” in English. The knowing horse-dealer, whilst vaunting the good qualities of the horse, said nothing about some little ways that he had with him: so, when one young nobleman mounted him to try his paces, “Bull-head” shied violently, sprang aside, and threw his rider. It was no easy matter in those days to keep your seat on an unruly horse; for stirrups were not yet invented; and there was no saddle, only a “pad” covered with a cloth: and soon there were so many young gentlemen with broken ribs and collar-bones, that no one would venture to mount an animal that seemed so vicious.



All this time, the king's son, the young Prince Alexander, had been watching "Bull-head's" proceedings; and he thought that he had discovered the reason of his behavior. So, gaining his father's permission to try his hand, he mounted the horse; and, turning his head towards the sun, he went off at an easy gallop. It seemed like magic. And, when the prince quietly dismounted, his father was so delighted with his skill and courage, that, embracing him, he exclaimed, "Go, my son, and conquer a kingdom for thyself. Macedonia is too small for thee!"

At this time Alexander was chiefly remarkable, among other brave young gentlemen of his age, for an ardent thirst for knowledge, and reverence for his tutor Aristotle. He had not yet achieved his title of "the Great;" but, being gifted with keen powers of observation, he had found out that poor "Bull-head" was simply frightened of his own shadow,—like many a more rational being, frightened of a thing merely because he did not understand it! The poor animal took his shadow for some dark enemy who was to gain an unfair advantage over him by attacking him in flank; and when he was turned towards the sun, so that the shadow fell behind him, and he no longer saw his supposed adversary, he became as manageable as other high-spirited horses. From this time he became a great favorite with Alexander; and, when that prince set out on his career of conquest, he made Bucephalus



his war-horse, and rode him through all his campaigns. He was so attached to him, that, when the brave steed fell in a battle with the Indians, Alexander buried him on the banks of the Hydaspes, and built a city in his honor, and called it "Bucephalia."

CAKES AND PIES.

IN the dough, in the dough!
This is the way we make it go;
Roll it, roll it, smooth and thin,
Pound it with the rolling-pin,
Cut with thimbles, and it makes
Just the nicest dolly cakes.

Dolly, now, must have a pie:
We will make it, you and I.
Here's a cunning little tin:
Roll and roll the pie-crust thin,
Spread it smoothly now within,
Lay some bits of apple in,
Cover nicely, let it bake, —
That's the way the pies we make.

TOWZER.

LITTLE ALICE, with her pitcher,
Dainty, fair, and sweet,
Stands with slender arms uplifted,
And small naked feet.

“Alice, Alice,” growled old Towzer,
“Let me drink, I pray.”
Little Alice, with her pitcher,
Turned her head away.

Don't you see, you queer old Towzer,
Those sweet ruby lips,
How they bend to meet the pitcher
With small dainty sips?

But your lips are large and ugly:
If she lets you drink,
Would she let you use her pitcher,
Towzer, do you think?



“If you only wouldn’t slobber,
Doggy dear!” she said,
Bending down to stroke old Towzer
On his shaggy head.

Then she stooped, and poured the water
In her tiny hand:
Towzer drank, and thought this goblet
Best in all the land.



A PROVIDENT LITTLE BIRD.

“GOOD-MORNING, little birdie: tell us again your name.”

“Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee,” answered little black-cap.

“So you have come for your breakfast of sunflower seed, have you?”

“Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee,” was again his reply.

“Well, here it is;” and I threw a handful on the snow under the window. “But where are your companions?”

Little birdie only sang as before, “Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,” and then flew down and began his work.



Taking up a seed, he would fly to a tree near by, choose a suitable twig, on which he would firmly hold the seed with both feet, and then peck and peck till he opened it. How rapidly does his little head, like a hammer, go back and forth as he pecks away, scattering the bits of dark chips on the snow beneath, as with blow after blow he strikes his sharp bill into the shell! After drawing out the meat, holding it tightly on the twig as at first, he quickly eats it up, piece by piece; and then down he goes for another.

By and by I happened to notice, that after pecking away at a seed, and, as I supposed, eating it, he would fly off somewhere for a minute before flying down for another seed as usual.

“Ah, little birdie!” thought I, “what does this mean? I’ll find you out if I can.”

So the next time I followed him with my eyes as he flew with the seed to a neighboring lattice. There he began looking sharply in its crevices, as though he wanted a relish of spiders’ eggs to eat with his seed; but he soon came back with an empty bill. Chipping out another kernel, he went off this time to an old grape-vine, where I saw him carefully tuck his little morsel under the bark. To make sure, having noted the spot, I took my hat, and went out to the vine. Here I soon found it, sure enough, just where I saw smart little black-cap put it, hidden under a piece of loose bark. But whether for himself, should the snow

come and cover the seed on the ground, or whether for any hungry bird that might chance to find them, was he thus laying by in store, I cannot tell.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD A FIT.

A DREADFUL thing happened to Nellie one day. She had a fit, — one of the very worst kind; one that works inside, and makes a child ugly and unlovable, — a fit of selfishness.

I'll tell you how it was. Papa had put up a lovely swing, with four ropes and a nice wide board, so that it would be very safe. Nellie had swung all the morning; and in the afternoon little Katy Carter, her best friend, came over to see her, with her brother Willy.

Of course they all rushed out to see the new swing, and the two visitors wanted to try it; but just at that moment the fit came on inside of Nellie, and she cried, —

“No! it's my own swing, and I want to swing myself.”

“You've swung ever so much,” suggested Katy.

“P'raps I have, Miss Katy Carter; but my papa put it up for my own self, and I haven't had anybody to swing me since he went to the office. I want Willy to push me first. I want to see how high I can go.”

Nellie's lips stuck out, and an ugly wrinkle came in her smooth forehead. She looked more like a naughty goblin than a nice little girl. What a dreadful fit, to twist her sweet face so out of shape! What horrible work it must have made in her heart, to show so clearly in her face!

Dear, dear! Suppose she should never be cured, and that ugly scowl should grow into her forehead, so that she could never get it out; and her lips should grow into a pout, and never look sweet and lovable again! Some people do spoil their faces in that very way; and when you see a grown-up with ugly, cross face, you may always know it is because there's a fit working inside. It may be selfishness, or it may be avarice, or it may be some other ugly passion; but, whatever it is, it always works through to the outside, and shows in the face.

Nellie's fit did not last so long as that, though it did make her so disagreeable that day. Willy was a little gentleman; so he said he would swing her: and Katy was a little lady, who never had a horrid fit in her round little dumpling of a body; so she sat quietly down in the grass, to wait her turn: while Nellie swung back and forth as high as Willy could push her, caring only to have a good time herself, whether any one else did or not.

Katy was a sweet little thing; and she soon made herself happy with some daisies she found in the grass,



and even offered Nellie the prettiest one to stick in her hat beside those the milliner had put there.

But although Nellie had her own way, and every thing was just as she had arranged it, yet somehow she did not enjoy it so much as she expected; and the wrinkle didn't get out of her forehead at all, till something had happened that cured her fit, though it was a rough way of cure,—something like taking a dose of bitter medicine to cure a pain in the body.

I don't know exactly how it happened; whether she turned too far around to look at Katy, or whether she was dizzy with swinging so long: probably it was another effect of that ugly fit. However it was, she lost her hold of the rope, and fell with a crash against the root of a tree. Her head got a severe blow; and John the coachman came running up, and carried her screaming in to her mother; and she had to have a brown paper wet and laid on the bump, which swelled up as big as a walnut, and lie on mamma's bed all the afternoon with a headache.

That left a good chance for Katy to have a nice swing, didn't it? She and Willy could stay as long as they pleased, and swing as much as they wanted to, while Nellie was suffering in the house. Do you suppose that is what sweet little Katy did?

No, indeed! She never even tried the swing. She brought her basket of daisies into the house, and sat down on the foot of the bed, and made a chain for

Nellie; and she wet the brown paper when it dried; and she even ran home, and brought her own precious wax dolly out of the drawer where it lived, — because it was too nice to play with, you know, — and let Nellie hold it in her arms, and feed it with tiny glass beads between its four cunning little teeth; for, strange to say, that was all the food the beautiful waxen creature cared to take, or even could get between her small white teeth. I shouldn't suppose that was a very nourishing diet: but Miss Clementine Eugenie Antoinette seemed to flourish on it; for redder cheeks or brighter eyes I'm sure were never seen, at least out of a doll-factory.

Katy never went near the swing till it began to grow dark, and Nellie's mamma told her to go and swing a while before she went home; and then she left the wonderful French visitor who lived on glass beads to amuse Nellie while she was gone.

Now, mamma had been sitting at the window, behind the blinds, all the afternoon, though the children did not know it; and she had noticed the fit that was spoiling her dear little girl. So now, when Nellie was quiet and cool, and had time to think, mamma just said quietly, —

“I am glad Katy isn't a selfish girl, because she wouldn't have left her precious doll to amuse you if she were.”

That was all she said; and she went on with her

sewing, and never looked towards the bed as though she meant anybody in particular. But Nellie had nothing else to think of then; and she had been so well taught, that she knew well enough she had been very selfish. So she thought of her mother's words, and her own conduct about the swing, and Katy's generosity in going home to get her greatest treasure to entertain her after her meanness.

And big round tears came into her eyes, and rolled down on to the pillow: and it's very queer, but those salt drops finished the cure that the bump had begun; and poor Nellie saw what a dreadful fit she had had, and became so ashamed of herself, that she laid the doll carefully off on the other pillow, so that she should be sure not to hurt it; and, when Katy came in to say good-by, all the wrinkles and pouts and aches and tears were gone.

The next day, when Katy came again, Nellie made her swing more than half the time, and felt ever so much better for it; for when people are selfish, though they may keep every thing themselves, they never enjoy themselves much.

I never heard of Nellie's having another fit.



FREDDIE AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree ;
And he said, " You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me ? "



" Thank you kindly," said a cherry ;
" We would rather stay up here :
If we ventured down this morning,
You would eat us up, I fear."

One, the finest of the cherries,
Dangled from a slender twig :

"You are beautiful," said Freddie,
"Red and ripe, and, oh, how big!"

"Catch me," said the cherry, "catch me,
Little master, if you can."
"I would catch you soon," said Freddie,
"If I were a grown-up man."

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.

"Never mind," said little Freddie;
"I shall have it when it's right:"
But a blackbird whistled boldly,
"I shall eat them all to-night."

WILLIE'S LETTER.

"DEAR AUNTIE,—It has snowed here some. Write and tell me if it has snowed any there. We have threshed buckwheat with the wooden man; and Ernie jumped and turned a sunset on the heap of buckwheat straw in the barnyard. Don't think he's hurt; for it didn't hurt him a bit. We only have a little pop-corn, and hardly any nuts,—*chestnuts*; but



apples — oh, my! Papa says he has between ten and twelve hundred barrels of apples. Orin coopers the barrels for papa; not all the potato-barrels, but apple-barrels, I mean.

“One day last week, I went to Baltimore with papa; and I wasn't so very cold, but *pretty*. So yesterday Ernie went with papa as far as uncle Benjam's, — he's so little! — and played with Jessie till papa came back. We'll have about three bushels of black walnuts: I guess three bushels.

“Ernie and me have moved into a down-stairs room; and we like it, because I don't have to run up stairs every time I want a bite of candy, or a lead-pencil, or mamma. Some of her ivy broke, or else Miss Niphen stepped on it. Her George *fibs*. George is Miss Niphen's boy. You'll think it was very queer that Ernie and me went down to the red house where such a boy lives; but we did, and played school, and out on the new road; and George said some words that wasn't swear words, that was so bad, that I said to him, ‘See here: I don't want you to swear before me, and Ernie who is littler than me. We don't want to hear it.’ Then he stopped.

“Miss Martin, from Green Bay, sent me some Indians with brown hair in a canoe. Each one has a gun in his hand. No, one of 'em is a woman; and the man has a blanket at his back, and they have red paint on their faces. Schools begun last Monday. My

hands are chapped. Mamma likes her new back room 'bout as well as her old front room; not quite. First she was homesick in it, 'cause Ernie and me was never babies in this room.

"Our Johnny draws horses on my slate, that mamma thinks are wonderful. Mamma thinks I'm about run down; and I guess I am; for I can't think of any thing more; only mamma likes butter-nuts best, and grandma showed us to-day two bellowses that belonged to aunt Abby. Write me, auntie, with a postage-stamp, Willie on the outside, and all. Now I'm clear run down. Good-by.

"WILLIE MILLER."

STEERING FOR HOME.

How the wind howled, and the great rain-drops fell! The little boat which was going homeward was tossed about here and there like a tiny sea-shell. Some boys would have been frightened; but Rupert was not. This was his first voyage too,—the first time he had been out on the great ocean. But then, you see, "father's" hand was on the helm; and Rupert always trusted "father." And just as Rupert thought his father could never fail, so they both rested and felt safe in the care of the good Father in heaven. They

trusted him to guard them and keep them in every danger. So they were safe; for God's arms are always under those who trust him. Even if he should let them go down in the water, his arms would lift them right up to heaven.

"It's a bitter storm, father," said Rupert as they both steered for home.

"Ay, ay, laddie; and it's many miles yet. Pray the good Lord to guide us safe."

"It's growing too dark almost to see," said the boy again: "but God doesn't mind the night nor the day; does he, father?"

"No, no! that he don't," said the old man.

So they both steered together till the night came on. Then, while the wind howled and the rain beat down upon them, they both knelt and prayed. It was so dark, that even father could not tell the way.

"But God will send a light in time, be it sunlight or starlight," said he.

"Why, father, there is a star, a beautiful great big star!" said Rupert as they rose. "Is the storm passing away?"

"That is no star," said father, steering slowly toward the light; and in a moment Rupert cried, —

"Why, father, it's the lantern down by the old wharf! It's home! it's home!"



WHERE THE BALL WENT.

"CHARLIE," said little Fan, "don't you believe, if you let it go, it would sail right up into the sky?"

"I guess not," said Charlie doubtfully, taking closer hold of the string which held his pretty red ball.



"Why not?" said Fan. "I'd try it if I were you."

"No, no!" said the little fellow, shaking his head. "I want it my own self."

"I'd let it go, Charlie: then, if it *did* reach heaven, that would be giving it to God."

"Would God care, Fannie?"

"It's very pretty," she said. "I should think he might."

Charlie thought a moment; then he loosened his

grasp of the cord. Up, up, up went the ball right into the sky, until it became nothing but a speck, and then faded away.

"God must have taken it," said Charlie, clapping his hands.

Do you think he did?

There was a poor little boy who had been lying very sick for a month. He was very poor, and he had no one but strangers to take care of him. No one ever said kind words to him, or tried to amuse him in any way. He just lay on his back, and counted the bricks in the great red wall outside his window.

That afternoon, something fell on the window-sill, — red and round, but a little flattened. It wasn't quite the same ball that Charlie had sent up to the sky; but, oh! how beautiful it seemed to the little sick boy! He could blow it up again too, and it floated around just like a bird.

Nothing since he was taken sick had made him quite so happy. If Charlie only could have known on what a beautiful errand his little red ball went flying!



FROGS AT SCHOOL.

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool, —
Twenty little coats of green;
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
“We must be in time,” said they:
“First we study, then we play:
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school.”

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say “Ker-chog!”
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last:

Not one dunce among the lot ;
Not one lesson they forgot ;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

FLEE FROM TEMPTATION.

LITTLE HENRY had been quite sick. When he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time, when his sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother had told him he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to have what the other children did till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back. The cake looked inviting. He wanted very much to take a bite of it, and his kind sister would gladly have given it to him. What did he do?

"Jennie," he said, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake; and *I'll keep my eyes shut* while you go, so that I sha'n't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of seven years to get out of temptation? I think so; and, when I

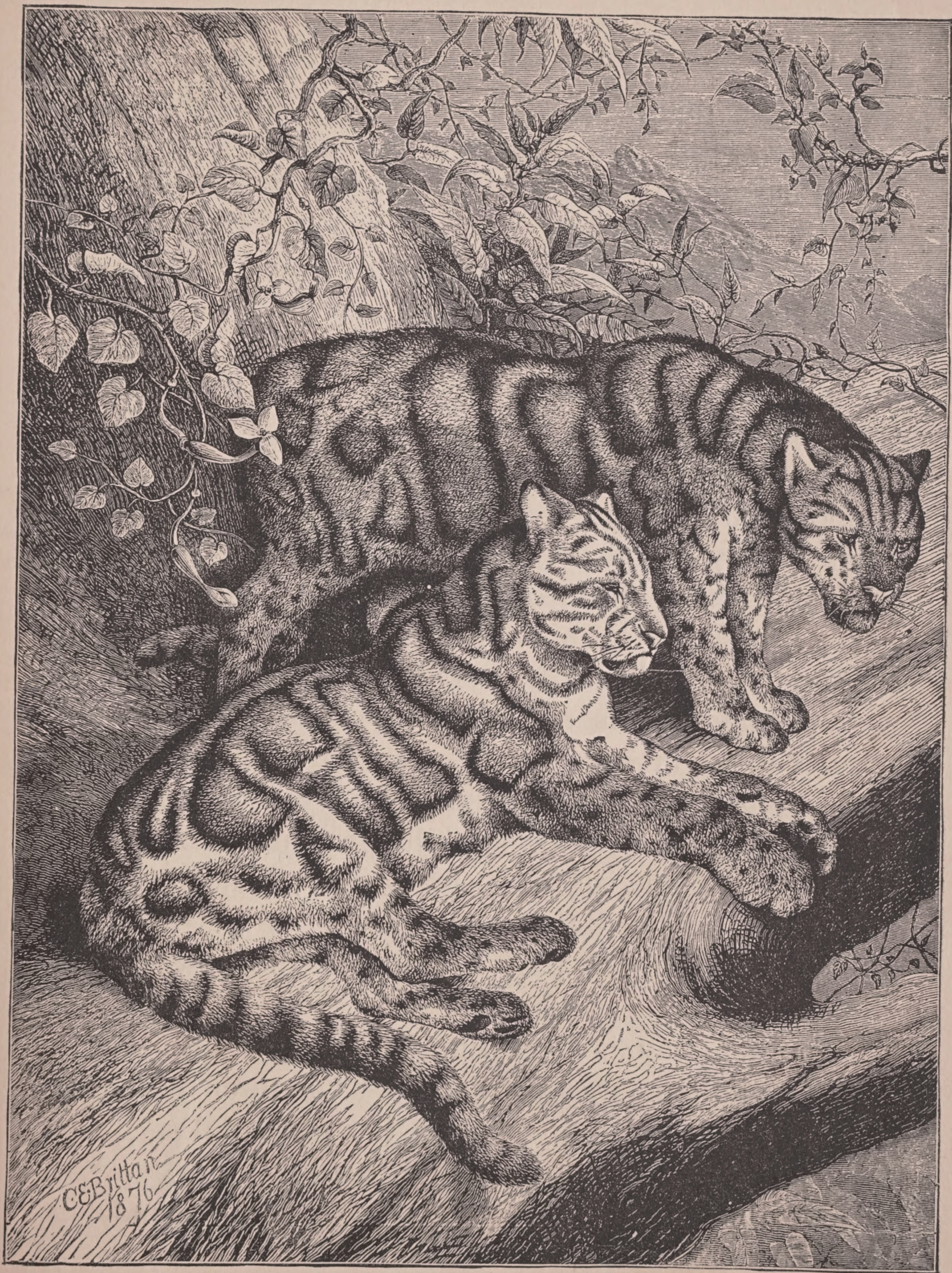
heard of it, I thought that there are a great many times when children, and grown people too, if they would remember little Henry's way, would escape from sin and trouble.

A PAIR OF PUSSY'S COUSINS.

HERE are two of your pussy-cat's cousins sunning themselves on a tree-branch. A sleepy, good-natured looking pair they are too : but though they do belong to the cat family, and are kitty's own cousins, as I said, they are wild ones ; and I warn you it would not be safe for you to pat their sleek-looking heads. They are tigers ; and the reason they look so quiet just now is, no doubt, because they have had a good dinner, and cannot eat any more. They would look quite otherwise if they were hungry.

Getting a dinner is a more serious matter to tigers than it is to pussy ; for they live in the wilds of Asia, and have no cook to give them saucers of milk, and no cat's-meat-man to supply nice bits of meat. They have to do their own marketing ; and they're not very particular what they get, if it is only flesh. They can dine off a fat monkey, an antelope, a deer, or almost any animal, — even one as large as an ox ; and they are particularly fond of men, women, and children.

In catching their prey they are very cunning. They



hunt it something as you've seen pussy after a bird, lying very still, and creeping softly nearer and nearer till close enough to jump, when they make one spring, and alight on the back of their victim. One slap of the paw will knock an ox or horse dead.

When men make their homes in the tigers' country, the graceful animals have a fine time, and go to the market provided by their neighbors with the greatest coolness. Perhaps they think the cattle-yards and pig-pens were made on purpose for their convenience: at any rate, they cannot resist so tempting a display of meat so easy to catch. Pigs or dogs, sheep, horses, or cattle, any thing is welcome; and a sad time the people have with domestic animals till they have killed all of the family in their neighborhood.

Catching one is not an easy matter; for they are wise as foxes in seeing traps, and so wild and strong when caught, that keeping them is very hard.

There are many ways of killing them practised by the natives. One is by the spring bow; which is a bow and arrow so fixed, that, when the tiger hits a string stretched across his path, he lets off the bow, and is shot.

Another way is very funny. One would hardly expect to kill so large an animal as a tiger by means of a few sticky leaves; yet this the natives do. They take some large leaves from a particular tree, spread them with a very sticky stuff called bird-lime, and lay

them in the tiger's path. When the monstrous animal puts a paw on the bird-lime, it sticks to it. He does not like leaves hanging to his foot; so he shakes it. Of course it does not come off; and he rubs it over his face to get it off, exactly as you've seen pussy do. The sticky mass only gets into his fur, gluing his eyelids together, so that he cannot see.

By this time the irritated creature has more leaves sticking to him; and he generally lies down and rolls, and rubs his head against the ground, to get them off. But every movement only makes matters worse, and at last he fairly howls with rage; when the native hunters, who have been hidden all this time, come out and kill him.

A favorite way of killing him is, digging a deep hole near where tigers come, and tying a goat to a stake driven at the bottom. The goat cries, and attracts the fierce animal, which comes up to the pit, and tries to reach the tempting morsel. Finding that he cannot do it, he prowls around, trying from every side; when the hunters watch for a good chance, and shoot him.

When a tiger hides in the low bushes, and refuses to come out and be shot, they are obliged to frighten him out. What dreadful thing do you suppose so fierce an animal is afraid of? Why, a noise! Only make enough noise,—yelling, shooting pistols, shouting, drumming, ringing bells, blowing horns, rattling stones

in tin pans, and other pleasant ways, — and the frightened animal will rush out, and run for a more quiet place.

A favorite amusement of English gentlemen in India is hunting the tiger with elephants. The hunters ride on the huge animals, which are driven into the jungle where tigers like to hide. When one of the fierce creatures is driven out of his hiding-place, he is quickly shot by the hunters.

The tiger, if taken young, can be tamed; and some kinds become perfectly gentle like pussy herself, and can even be taught to perform tricks, as perhaps all of you have seen in menageries. Like all of the cat tribe, he is light of step, stealthy, and quick. He is not often seen till he springs, and is generally felt before he is seen or heard.

The pretty creatures in the picture are the clouded tigers; and are not so common as other varieties of the family, being found only in the Island of Sumatra. They are not very well known to us, though there have been several specimens in English menageries. Their fur is beautiful in color and marks; neither striped like other tigers, nor spotted like leopards. The color is gray with brown tinge, with velvety black marks.

They are not so fierce as the rest of the family, readily become tame, and will let one pat them or play with them. They are very playful. They spend much time on tree-branches, especially at the place where one

branch joins another, where one will lie at full length on the branch, and let its head rest in the fork of the branches. The native name "*Riman-dahan*" refers to this habit, the word *dahan* meaning the fork of a tree. They are the only ones of the tiger tribe which climb trees.

You've seen pussy swell out her tail when frightened. This wild Asiatic cousin of hers does the same thing, and curious it is to see. Another thing it does like pussy, and that is to walk on its toes. Did you know that not only pussy, but all her wild relatives, walk on what we call their tiptoes? Look at her and see, and notice the soft cushions she has on her feet, so that she can walk quietly. The tiger has the same; and the tiger can purr too. Very funny it is to hear such a *big* purr. It sounds like a hundred cats, or a small mill-wheel.

WHOLE-HEARTED.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
 Do it, boys, with all your might.
 Never be a *little* true,
 Or a *little* in the right.
 Trifles even
 Lead to heaven ;

Trifles make the life of man :
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim, —
Spotless truth and honor bright :
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white.
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms, when we speak,
May deceive *me* ;
But, believe me,
To *himself* he is a *sneak*.

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, and with all your might :
Let your prayers be strong and true ;
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things :
God will hear, and answer too.
Trust him ever ;
Doubt him never :
Then he'll show what he can do.



A SPARROW IN MID-ATLANTIC.

As I was once crossing the Atlantic in one of the large steamers that sail between America and England, I was one day quietly reading a book under the shelter of the deck-house, when my attention was caught by a little bird hopping about on the canvas covering of one of the boats. I was quite struck at his appearance at such a time and place,—for we were just then in mid-Atlantic, fifteen hundred miles from land,—and my thoughts at once went wondering how this little sparrow could have reached us there.

At first, I thought he must have escaped from some one's keeping in the ship. Then I wondered if he had started with us; for how could the little fellow have kept upon the wing for so many, many miles? I moved a little; but he did not fly away: and then I went below and got crumbs of bread and biscuit, and spread them on his canvas table; and, as he hopped from crumb to crumb, he chirped his thanks for the refreshing morsels.

While I watched him, thinking that perchance he would rest his tired wings and stay with us all the voyage through, he flew off to the shrouds and rigging; then to the boats on the opposite side of the deck;



and, as if trying his little wings for flight, flew once right round the vessel as she careered along like a thing of life; and at last, with one farewell chirrup, he lifted himself into the air, and went straight away to the southward,—his tiny form soon lost to sight in the evening light.

And while I sat and thought, as the vessel pitched and tossed in the dark-green waves, I was led to muse on that wondrous love which marks even the lone sparrow's way, and guides the little wanderer to food and rest in its long flight of three thousand miles; for not even a sparrow can fall without the permission of our Father in heaven.



A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER-SONG.

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go wound;
I wonder what can make ve fowers tum poppin' from
ve gwound;

I wonder if my dear mamma loves Billy mor'n me;
I wonder if I'd beat a bear a-climbin' up a twee;
I wonder how ve angels 'member eveybody's pwayers;
I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs;
I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful
heart;"

I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my cart;

I wonder what I'd do if I should hear a lion roar ;
I bet I'd knock 'im on ve head, and lay 'im on ve floor !
I wonder if our Farver knew how awful I did feel
When Tom's pie was in my pottet, and I wead, " Vou
shalt not steal ; "

I wonder if, when boys get big, it's dreadful in ve dark ;
I wonder when my papa means to have anover lark ;
I wonder what vat birdie says who hollers so and
sings ;
I wonder, oh ! I wonder lots and lots of over fings !

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back ;
And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour ;

But all was in vain :
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er ;
But he left the black streaks
Running down both his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure ;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.





“HE PUT A LITTLE SUGAR IN.”

“CHARLEY, what is it that makes you so sweet?” said a loving mother one day to her little boy as she pressed him to her bosom.

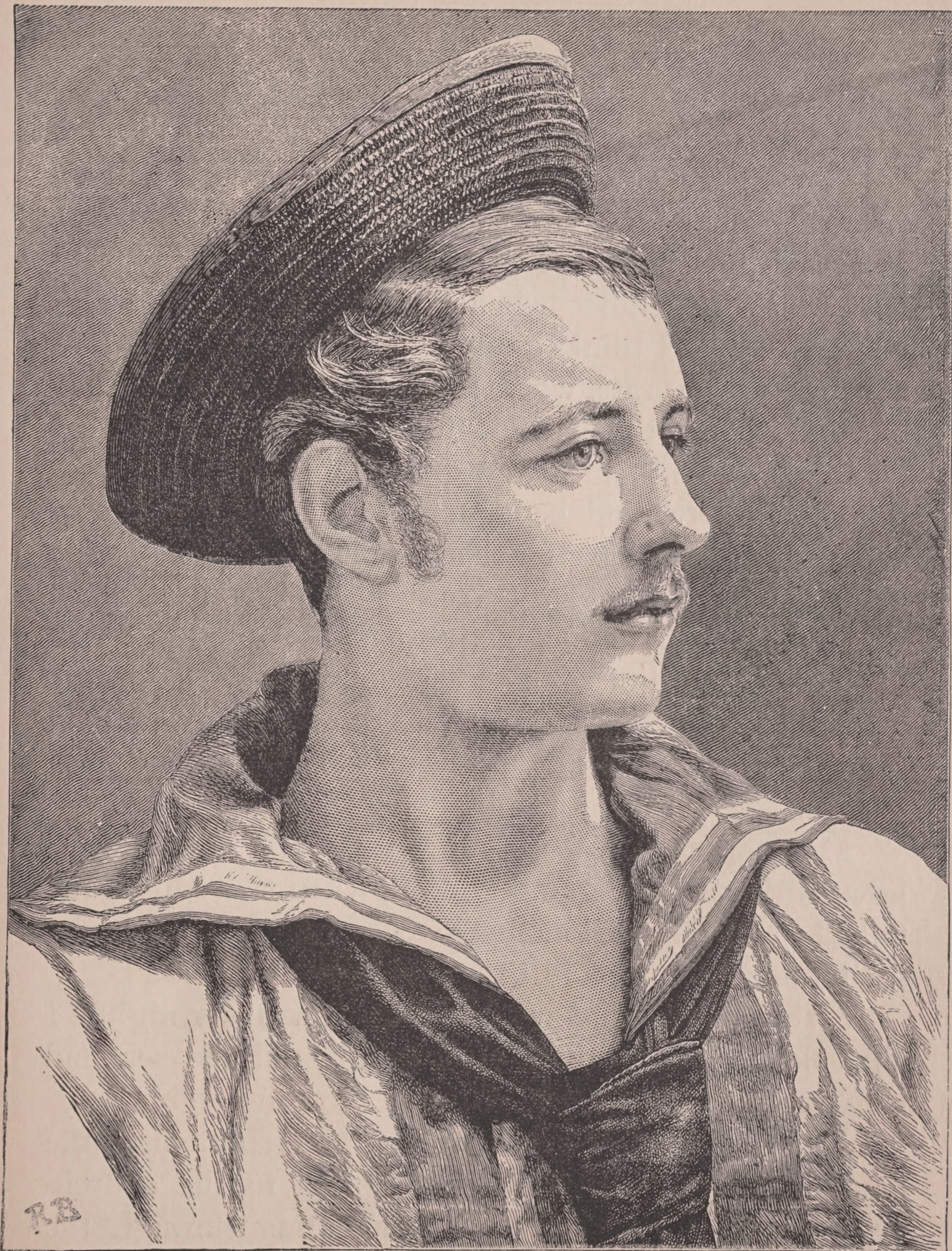
“I dess, when Dod made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in,” said Charley.

God has put a little sugar in the disposition of all children. Some keep it there; and they are always sweet, and we cannot help loving them. Some lose the sugar that God gave them, and then they become sour and disagreeable. Keep yourselves always sweet, dear children, with the sugar of love, and you will always be loved.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

So you want to be a sailor, do you, my lad? You think it would be fine to wear the sailor dress, and come home from foreign countries to astonish stay-at-home people. You’ve read exciting stories of poor boys sailing away across the sea, and coming home with gold and treasures, and having wonderful stories of strange lands to tell.

Well, it does sound pleasant, I must say: and I



ought to know; for I was just as wild to go to sea when I was of your age as you are now. But let me tell you a little about my life. I'll spin you a sailor's yarn that shall be every word true; which is not the case with all sailors' yarns, I'm sorry to say.

I don't remember when I began to think about going to sea. I think it must have been when I was a baby: at any rate, when I was ten years old I had but one wish in the world, — to be a sailor.

My poor mother! — how she used to beg me to go to school, to try and be contented on shore! and how she would deny herself needed comforts to make me happy, and give me every chance in life! It was all in vain: nothing but a sailor's life had the least pleasure for me. Instead of going to school, I would lie on the ground in the orchard, or off on the seashore, and read some exciting tale of the sea, till I was fairly wild about it. Go to sea I must.

My mother would tell me, with tears in her eyes, how hard was a sailor's life; and, when that failed, she talked to me of her loneliness when I should be gone; for I was all she had in the world.

“Ah, Willy!” she would say, “how many nights I shall lie awake, listening to the winds and the sea, and thinking about my boy!”

Little did I care for her words then; but, since the day I came home and found her mound in the churchyard, never do I hear the wind whistling through the

rigging without remembering her words and the sad look of her dear face.

Well, nothing would keep me; and I took to haunting the docks of the nearest town, where many ships came, trying to make friends with some of the sailors, and get a chance to go. After trying this for a year, and not succeeding in my wish, a real chance came in my way. I was one day, as usual, hanging around a ship, looking at every part of it. The men were busy loading it for sea, and paid no attention to me; and, while prying around, I came upon a snug little corner behind some boxes.

At once the idea came into my mind, "Here is a good place to hide till the ship sails, and then they can't send me back." The temptation was too strong. I tried to think a minute. I knew the ship would sail that night. I could think of no more. I slipped into the little hiding-place, with no thought of my mother's grief; no dread of the fate I might bring on myself; no idea but that now I should surely sail, that my life of adventure would now begin.

Ah, boy! — it's hard to think of the hopeful, happy boy I was when I stole on board that ship, and the changes that came over me before I put foot on shore again.

But I must cut my story short. The first thing I got when I came out of my corner the next day, and tremblingly told my story to the rough, brutal captain,

was what he called "making a sailor of me." That was a more severe thrashing with a rope's end than I ever imagined a boy could have and live. Bruised and sore, and hungry and sick, I crawled into the darkest hole I could find in the ship; and I think I would have staid there and starved, if I had not been ordered out by my hard master.

If we had been near shore, I should never have been a sailor; for that one whipping took out of me any wish for life on the sea. I would have given half my life to have gone to school that morning, and take up life on shore again. But it was not to be. I could not go back. I had chosen my lot, and could do nothing but bear whatever was put upon me, and try to endure, for a long voyage of many months, the life I had wished for so long.

I shall not tell you all the hard times I had. It is enough that the captain was a cruel, hard man, who took delight in tormenting me because I had forced myself on his ship, though he was brutal to all the sailors. By hard knocks, in deadly sea-sickness, and worse home-sickness, I learned to be a sailor; though I meant when I came home again to go to my mother, get work on shore, and live to be a help and comfort if I could. With this hope I lived through my long voyage; and, when the ship reached her dock, I was one of the first to get on shore, and hurry to my mother's cottage.

Well, well! it's many years ago: but yet I can't tell you how I felt when I found the dear old roof sheltering strangers; when I learned that my mother had gone broken-hearted to her rest a few months after I ran away, though she left me her love and forgiveness.

I threw myself on her grave, and felt that I was now, by my own act, alone in the world. The last anchor was gone, and nothing was left for me but to drift wherever the winds and waves drove me. Life on shore, with my mother gone, seemed intolerable to me then. Besides, the neighbors, who knew my story, looked coldly on me; and I knew no way of earning sixpence. So I took the only way open to me, and shipped on another vessel.

That's long ago, as I said; and I shall never be any thing but a sailor, and shall find my grave under the green waves some day: but never for an hour have I ceased to repent of that one act which made me a sailor, and broke my mother's heart.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

“ I wish,” said little Susy, “ I just wish,
Whoever made up spelling, had to learn it.
I wish I was a sparrow or a fish ;
Then they might take my spelling-book,
and burn it.

“ The meadows and the trees are just as
green !
The little birds do look so sweet and
cheery !
I wish I might be treated like a queen,
And not have any lesson-books come near
me.

“ Why, queens have just the elegantest fun !
Nobody ever makes them sew or study :
They just pick roses all day in the sun ;
And ain't afraid, I guess, of anybody.



“Oh, my! I’m just as sure as sure can be
I sha’n’t know more than half of that old
spelling!
I wish I was a cricket or a bee,
And never had to study, or do felling.”

BUILDING A FORT.

DOWN on the seashore three little brothers and their sister were playing. They had dug holes in the sand, they had picked up shells, and had watched the ships and the fishing-boats; and now they wanted something fresh to do.

“Let us build a fort,” said Ambrose, the eldest of them: “then I will be king over it, and Nigel shall be an enemy coming to take it from me.”

Nigel, who was sitting on the edge of a boat lying upon the beach, waved his cap, and shouted that it would be good fun; and Gyp, a sturdy little girl with large blue eyes, brought a load of sand in her pinafore, whilst Walter patted it down to make it as hard as he could.

“There must be a tower in the middle,” said Ambrose, “and a flag on the top of it.”

“But we have not got a flag,” said Walter.

"I have a long stick," said Ambrose, "and I can tie Gyp's blue handkerchief to it: that will make a splendid flag."

"And if I can carry it off," shouted Nigel, "I shall be king of the fort!"

Then he jumped down from the boat, and ran to help with the building, so that it might be sooner finished.

At last the fort was built; and there was the tower, with the flag upon it, and a wall all round; and outside stood Ambrose and Walter and Gyp, whilst Nigel was trying to dart in between them and seize the flag.

It was a long time before he could manage to do so; but, Walter having turned away his head for a moment to look at a pretty sailing-boat quite near to the shore, Nigel slipped past, and mounted the tower.

"I am king now!" said he, waving the flag.

So Ambrose was the enemy, and Nigel was king; then Walter; and last of all Gyp said she wanted to be king of the fort.

"But girls can't be kings," said Ambrose.

Gyp does not care: she will be king, and have the flag.

And so Gyp was put into the fort; and, instead of leaving the flag on the tower, she held it fast in her hands; and, when Walter was making his way to her, she ran away, so that he could not take it.

Walter stumbled over one of the sand walls, and

fell ; but he did not hurt himself, as the sand was soft ; and he hastened after Gyp, who had made her way to nurse, who was sitting on the steps of a bathing-house.

And nurse told the children they must stay with her, and watch the tide coming in.

And the great waves came rolling along, and swept away the walls of the fort, and then the tower, until at last there was nothing of it left.

THE KIND NEIGHBOR.

ONCE, a great, great many years ago, in the far-off country of Judæa, a man set out on a journey. Now, you must know, when people took journeys in those old times, they could not go, as you do now, in great puffing steamboats or railroad-cars. They had to travel very slowly on asses or mules ; for only kings and great people could even have horses and carriages.

So this man mounted his ass, and set out to travel from the great city of Jerusalem to another city called Jericho. The road between these two cities was in a wild country. There were no houses and beautiful gardens to pass by ; but some very bad men used to hide themselves among the rocks by the way, and often jumped out on travellers to steal their money and goods.



Our traveller had not gone very far when the wicked thieves came upon him with their sharp knives and cruel hearts. They took all his money, and even stripped off his clothes to divide among themselves. There were no policemen by, and no one to help, if the poor man had cried ever so loud. I dare say he called, as we would do if some one were almost killing us. But, when he tried to keep his money and his clothes, they ran their sharp knives into him until he was half dead. Then they left him lying weak and bleeding on the bare, hard ground.

Now, if you had passed by, — even such a little child as you, — you would have stopped to speak to this poor man; wouldn't you?

Well, after a while a priest came by. He was dressed in long clothes with great wide borders; and he thought, I suppose, that he was a very good man. He *should* have been, because he had to teach other people what was right; but he walked right by the poor traveller. He even kept on the other side of the road, and wouldn't come near him. Perhaps he thought the sight of blood would make him sick, or perhaps he was afraid of soiling his long robes.

A little while after, some one else went by. I dare say his neighbors thought him a real good man.

"Now," thought the sick man, if he could think at all, "here is some one who will help me."

Oh, no! This man, who was called a Levite,

“looked on” the wounded traveller; maybe he felt sorry for him: but he too, like the priest, “passed by on the other side.” Perhaps he thought it was no business of his, and no one was there to know if he was kind or not.

But there was one who saw all he did; for God is everywhere.

While the poor man was lying faint and weak, thinking he should die, God made another man pass by, riding on an ass. A dear, kind-hearted man he was, although the sick man looked upon him as an enemy.

He got down straight from his ass, because he felt so sorry even for his enemy who was so badly hurt. He bound up the sick man's wounds, and poured oil and wine into them to make them well. Then he put this man who had never loved him on his own ass, and took him to an inn, and paid the innkeeper for taking care of him. He told the innkeeper too, that, if he spent any more, the next time he came he would pay it to him again.

Now, don't you think the sick man was sorry that he had ever hated such a kind friend? and don't you think the truest way to conquer those who hate us is to “love them,” as the Lord has told us to do?

THE FATE OF FIVE LITTLE KITTENS.

OLD TABBY had five dear little babies, and she put them to bed in Grandma Grey's mending-basket.

"Dear, dear!" said grandma, "what a silly old thing! Now it will never be good for any thing again, and we must drown the kittens to-morrow."

But Tabby liked the basket very much, and kind-hearted little Mabel brought her some hay to make her bed feel softer. Tabby sang her babies to sleep with a soft little purring song, and cuddled them all five close to her furry sides. She was very happy until she remembered the time when she had five little babies before, and every single one of them had been carried off. She rather thought they had come to harm; but they shut her in a dark closet, and she couldn't follow to find out.

She twiddled her whiskers, and rubbed her eyes; and then she said to those five little kittens in grandma's basket, "My dear little pets, I'm very much afraid I can't keep you—meow! Something dreadful will happen, I know—meow!"

But the kittens snored away, and never minded her. They were blind, you see, and knew nothing about the great world outside.



All this while, Mabel and Kate were up in the sitting-room, coaxing grandma to save all the kittens alive.

"They won't do a bit of harm," said Mabel, "only maybe eat a little milk."

"And they're so sweet and cunning!" chimed in little Kate.

"You can only have two of them, dearies," said grandma, — "only just two. And it's very good of me to let you have those; for, what with scratched fingers and torn dresses, I could really wish every kitten in the old millpond."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mabel; and "Oh, dear!" sighed little Kate.

"Now run away and pick out the two you will have," said Grandma Grey; "for the others must be drowned to-night."

How hard it was to choose, and to think that the other three which were not chosen would have to die! The tears stood in little Mabel's eyes, and in old Tabby's too.

"Dear me!" thought Mabel as they trudged off up stairs to tie ribbons around the necks of their own two little kittens, "I don't believe grandma cares what becomes of the other three, so long as we don't keep 'em. I'll just carry 'em down to the barn-yard, and let 'em run. I guess they'll run away."

So she left her own little kitten with Kate, and carried the three others off in her apron.

But who do you think walked behind on her tipsie-toes? Why, old Tabby herself! Don't you suppose she wanted to know what became of her three little babies? When she saw Mabel put them on the ground, and clap her hands and cry "Shoo" at them, Tabby purred for joy.

Then, when Mabel had danced away, Tabby settled this part of her family snugly in the hay-loft, gave them their dinner, and went back to the house for her own.

When grandma looked for the kittens, after the children were in bed, there were only two of them left.

"Well, well!" she said; "that sly old cat has hidden the other three!"

And she said nothing to the children, but looked around in all the market-baskets and feather-beds in the house. No kittens appeared.

"Well, well!" said grandma at last; "let them go."

But about two weeks after, one fine morning, Tabby walked in with a kitten in her mouth, and laid it down at grandma's feet.

"Why, that must be little Kate's!" said grandma. "Has she hurt it, Tabby?"

Grandma picked up the little thing, smoothed it, and laid it down again.

Five minutes after, in walked the little mother with another baby. "Why, there's a black kitten!" cried grandma, starting up from her chair.

"Why, grandma," said Mabel, "I shoo'ed those kittens away ever so long ago."

She told grandma all about it; and the dear old lady couldn't help laughing.

"Now I suppose the things will have to live," she said.

"Oh, please, *please*, grandma!" cried the little girls.

"But," said she, trying to be very cross and cruel, "if I ever find another set of kittens, every one must go to the millpond, remember."

TIDE-MARKS.

It was low tide when we went to Bristol, and the great gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up on all their sides was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rock?" I asked my friend.

"Oh! that is the tide-mark," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises until it reaches that line; and in a great many years it has worn the stone until the mark is cut in the rock."

"Oh!" thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide-marks on their

faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there; until presently her mother said, —

"Draw down the blind now, Carrie: the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted; and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window. Oh, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns, instead of smiles; the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout; and the queer marks on her forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl!" I thought. "How badly you will feel, when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide-marks of passion! for these ugly ill tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does; and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, my little folks; and, whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the tide-marks.



THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS GRANDMOTHER.

THERE was never a better boy than little Victor. He and his grandmother lived alone in a queer little brown cottage in the edge of the woods; and he was such a comfort and help to the good old grandmother, that she never missed any other happiness in life, though she was old and feeble and very poor.

Every day the two strange companions would go into the woods together, and gather a great bundle of fagots which the wind had broken off from the trees; and then the grandmother would take the big bundle on her back, and the two would trudge homeward. Then they would make up a big snapping fire of the nice dry sticks, and cook their humble supper of cakes of coarse meal baked on the hearth before the coals.

Little Victor was happy as the day is long, and never thought his lot was hard. The grandmother was lovingly good to him. The cakes tasted delicious, though coarse. The air was spicy and fresh; and the woods — oh, the woods were full of sweet and delightful things! He enjoyed them a thousand times more than the proud owner, who rode through them now and then with a great party of men and horses and



a pack of yelling dogs, and never stopped to feel the sweet delicious breath of the trees, or the cool shade or the lonely mysterious silence of its depths.

Victor could never remember any one but his grandmother ; but she told him long stories, sometimes in the winter evenings, of his father, who had gone far, far away, to a strange new country called America, to make a home for them, and who was coming back some wonderful day to get them both. But months had gone by since she had heard from him ; and though she was sure he would come as he said, yet the poor old grandmother would sigh when she told the story.

Victor never thought much about all that. He was more interested in the sparkle of the dry fagots in the fire, the beautiful browning of the cakes on the hearth, and the antics of his dear puss. And then he would coax his grandmother to tell him a fairy-story ; and she would get out her knitting, and sit in her low arm-chair by the fire ; and Victor would lie full length on the floor and watch the fire, and listen while she told him of the woes and troubles of fairy princesses and odd little goblins, till she forgot about his father who didn't come home, and her rheumatic old bones ; and her needles would fly, and her tongue run on, till the fire was burned to ashes, and it was time to creep into bed.

But as winter came on, and the cold winds stole

through the cracks, the poor old grandmother grew very ill. She had to stay in her bed, and little Victor had no one to do any thing for him. That didn't trouble him, though; not a bit of it. He never thought of pouting and crying as *some* children I have heard of would have done. No, indeed! He just went to work to take care of her.

"I'm sure I'm big enough," said he, as he took his fagot-rope and his hat, and started for the woods. "I'll take the bucket too," he thought, as he saw it hanging outside the door. "Maybe some nuts fell down last night; and wouldn't grandmother be surprised if I brought home some to roast for supper!"

Shutting the door carefully after him, he started bravely off for the woods alone. It took him a long time to gather fagots enough to make a bundle as big as his grandmother's; for he was determined to show her that he was almost a man, and could carry very big loads.

After he had a nice big bundle all tied up, he went to the old chestnut-tree, that was hanging full of the prickly burrs. Eagerly he examined the ground. Yes: Jack Frost had been there in the night, as he hoped, and had opened the burrs, and thrown down lots of glossy brown nuts.

In a moment Victor forgot that he was tired, and fell to gathering nuts. A long time he worked till he had as many as he could carry; and then he took his

bundle on his back, and his bucket in the other hand, and started off for home.

He only stopped once, to pick up a bright feather which some bird had lost in the woods, and put it in his hat, before he reached the edge of the woods, where he could see the cottage. There he sat down on a rock to rest, and enjoy the sweet wild air.

“Dear old grandmother!” he said to himself, “how glad she will be to see such a big pile of sticks, and so many nuts! She’ll know then that I can take care of her; and she’ll never cry when she is too sick to go out, for fear we shall starve and freeze. No, indeed! I mean to take care of her always, and never let her carry fagots again: she’s too old. I shall soon be a big man, and I shall work and get every thing she wants.”

The grandmother was pleased, as he thought she would be; but she could not eat any of the nuts, though he roasted them beautifully. Nor could she eat any of the meal-cakes which he mixed and baked so nicely for her. The next day she was worse, and talked queer and wild, and sometimes did not know him; and Victor got quite frightened, she acted so strangely.

But he did not neglect his duty, for all that: he bravely went into the woods, and brought home his bundle of sticks. That night, after he had eaten his supper, she seemed like herself, only very weak; and she talked to him about his father. She told him she

thought she was going to die, and he must go himself to America to find his father. She made him open her chest, and take out some letters ; and she told him the name of the place where his father was ; and she told him where she had put away a little money for him. She told him whom to go to in the village, and how to do, when she should be in heaven ; and her only sorrow seemed to be, to leave her little boy alone in the world.

But that sad thing was not to be. The very next morning, a wonderful thing happened. It seemed just like the fairy-stories she had so many times told him, where the needed person comes in just at the moment when he is wanted. The next morning he was wakened by a noise at the door, and his grandmother telling him to see who was there. When he opened the clumsy latch, who should stand there but a big brown-faced man, with long whiskers, and strange-looking clothes!—and his grandmother gave one look, threw up her arms, and cried faintly, —

“ My son ! O Victor ! ”

And the big man sprang in, and caught her in his arms ; and for a few moments there was nothing in the house but hugging and kissing and crying and laughing, all mixed up so, that little Victor never could remember much about it.

Only, at last, he found himself hugged very closely in the arms of the stranger, saw the happy look on his

grandmother's face, and knew that he had found his father.

I haven't room to tell you more about his life,—how that, when they had laid the dear old grandmother softly to sleep among the daisies, his father took him a long voyage to America, where he had a nice farm, and where Victor found a new, sweet-faced mother, and a baby sister, to make him happy; nor about his going to school, and growing up to be a good and useful man. But one thing I can tell you: he never forgot those happy days in the dear little cottage in the woods, where he took care of his grandmother.

MY SQUIRREL.

I HAD a little squirry:

His step was quick and light,
His tail was long and furry,
And his eyes were large and bright.

He'd burrow in my drawers,
Where almonds were, and dates;
He'd pull to rags the flowers;
He'd jump upon the plates.

A bunch of cowslips yellow
To him was matchless fun ;
But, oh the greedy fellow !
He ate them every one.



He built his nest aloft there,
Behind a barricade ;
And none can tell how soft there
His little crib he made ;

What piles of woolly cotton,
What balls of worsted bright,
What skeins of silk forgotten,
Or left within his sight;

And none can tell what bunches
Of hazel-nuts were stored,
What dinners and what lunches,
Within that sacred hoard.

O squirry, nimble squirry !
I love thy merry ways,
And never felt a-weary
To watch thee in thy plays.

THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

THEY were two of the drollest little children, Hans and Freta. They lived so near the great, beautiful sea, that it sometimes came tumbling up almost to their door-step. They loved it too, just as you love the green meadows when they are sprinkled with daisies.

Weren't they afraid? Why, no: they would have laughed at the thought. Hans was growing quite a sailor; for he had twice been out to sea with his father in a sailing-vessel. Sometimes the water had rushed



up and covered them, so that he had to hold his breath; but Hans minded that very little, because he could dive like a duck, and always came right side up.

Neither of these queer little children could speak a word of English. They jabbered away in such a fashion, that you could never have understood them at all; but they understood each other, just as the birds and the squirrels do.

One day the mother was sick, and the father off on a voyage; and, for some reason,—I cannot tell what,—there was not much to eat in the house. Hans was always hungry too.

Pretty soon he whispered to Freta that they two would go down to the water and catch some crabs for themselves. Crabs are very easy to catch, you know, and easy enough to eat, if one knows how.

So they trudged away, hand in hand. Hans carried the net, and Freta a basket in which to bring home the crabs. Down by the sea was a little old shell of a boat, in which they often coasted about when the tide was low; and there they stowed away themselves and their basket.

Now, you would have thought, “How worried mother will be! and how naughty I am to go without asking leave!” But the good mother of these little crab-catchers never worried,—oh, dear, no! You see, she looked upon the water as a sort of nursery-maid, who was always ready to amuse the children for her.

They caught ever so many crabs, — as many as they wanted to carry home. Hans made a fire too; and they boiled two in a rusty tin pan, and sat on the sand to eat them. But that was naughty; for Freta's little skirts almost caught fire.

"Oh! doesn't the water look green and white out there?" said little Freta.

That was what she meant; but you wouldn't have understood a word.

"Let's go on a voyage like father," said Hans, "and find strange countries."

Little Freta clapped her hands for joy, and almost rolled into the water.

Hans pushed out from shore; and the great waves caught up the little tub of a boat, and dashed it about like a nut-shell. First little Freta laughed, and said it was just like a cradle; then, as they rocked farther and farther away from land, she clasped her small hands, and begged Hans to steer back to the shore. Hans laughed at her; but he tried to put back; for down in his heart he was a little frightened himself.

But, alas! what could he do with such a little paddle against the great swelling sea? Now they went up, and now they went down, and farther and farther away from the land. It was just like the song that your mamma sings to the baby: —

"Here we go up, up, up!

And here we go down, down, downy!"

Little Freta began to cry, and Hans to whistle; for the dark was coming on.

"I know what father does," said Hans, "when he is afraid. He looks up and prays, and God helps him."

"Oh, pray, pray!" cried Freta.

So he folded his hands, and said aloud, —

"Dear Lord, don't let our boat go down; and get us home somehow, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then, like two dear babies, they went to sleep.

Just at nightfall, when their little boat was filling fast, the good father himself was sailing homeward; and, as he came near shore, what did he see? — the two little heads he loved best bobbing about between the big waves!

"Boat ahoy!" he cried, or something which means the same thing.

And in two minutes more the prayer of little Hans was answered, and the children were safe in their father's arms.

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

MELINDA JANE, and Kate, and Nell,
It's time you learned to read and spell.
Come now, and say your A, B, C:
Hold up your heads, and look at me;
For, if you never learn to read,
What stupid dolls you'll be, indeed!

All ready now: A, B, and C —
What *is* the matter? Oh, dear me!
I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Katy dear, don't turn away:
Sit up again and listen, — there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind: where's grandpa's cane?
Now look at me, Melinda Jane!
You needn't think that this is *play*;
For I shall keep you here all day,
And make you read before you go:
I know what's good for dollies, — so!

Now say A, B — Look this way, Nell:
You speak so low, I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh, dear! I'm tired enough to cry!
I think I'll stop, and go to play,
And try again some other day.

COUNTING THE FINGERS.

DAVY dear, your fingers hold:
Listen till my story's told.
Thumb's a rogue, and whispers, "Come,
Let us steal the sweets," says Thumb.

Straight First Finger bends to hear :
She's a rogue when Thumb is near.
Second Finger says, " I'll go ;"
Cries Third Finger, " Count me too."

Little Finger stands alone ;
Says, " The sweets are not our own."
Thumb says, " Let no finger say
Where the sweets have gone to-day."

Finger First cries out, " No, no!
Not a word from me shall go."
Finger Second shakes her head :
She " would suffer death instead !"

Finger Third is full of fear
Lest the marks of guilt appear.
Little Finger cries, " For shame !
I shall tell where lies the blame.

" If we all are made to smart,
With the rest I'll bear my part."
And I think, that, through and through,
Little Finger's right : don't you?



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